★ Dec. 28, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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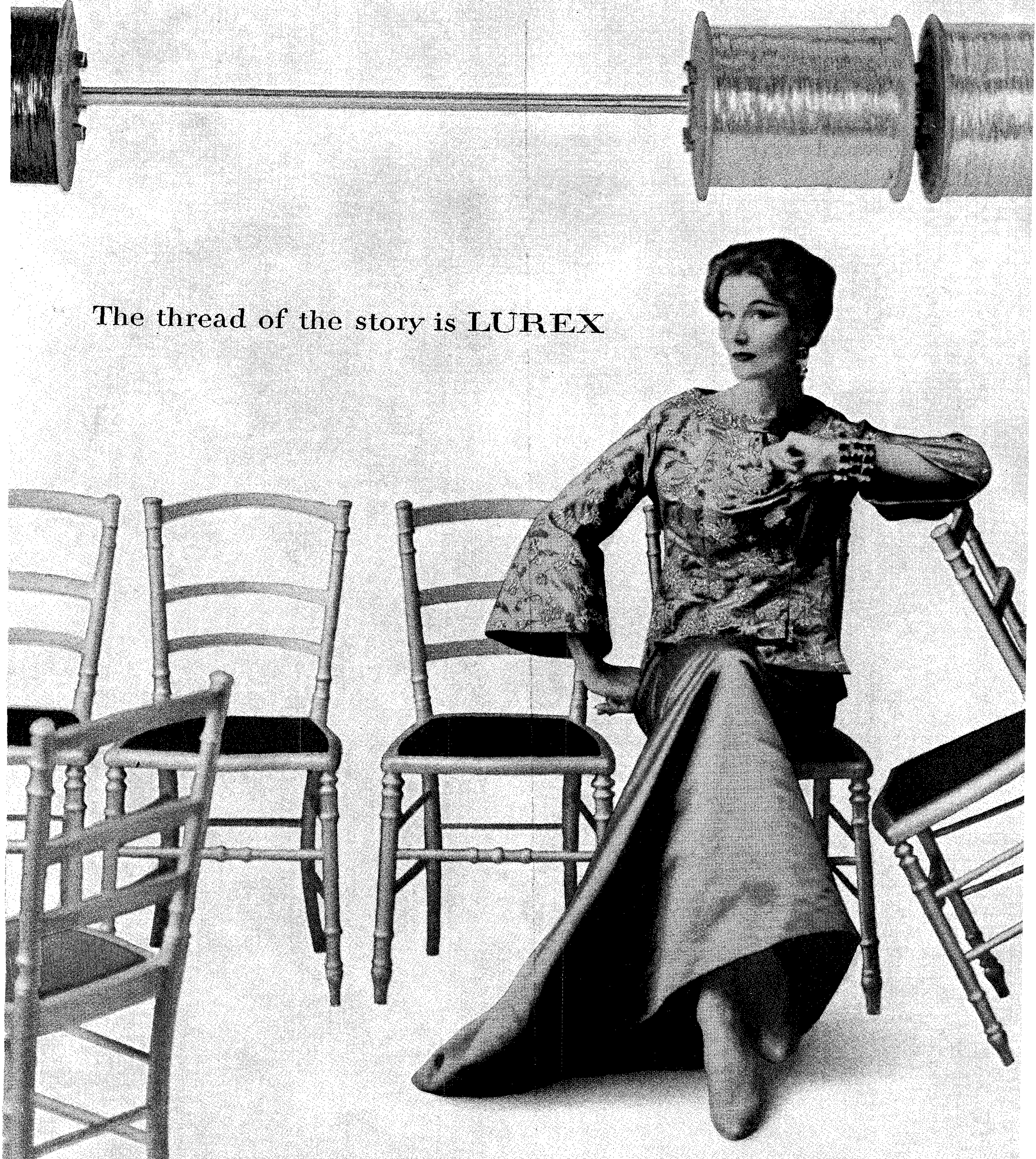

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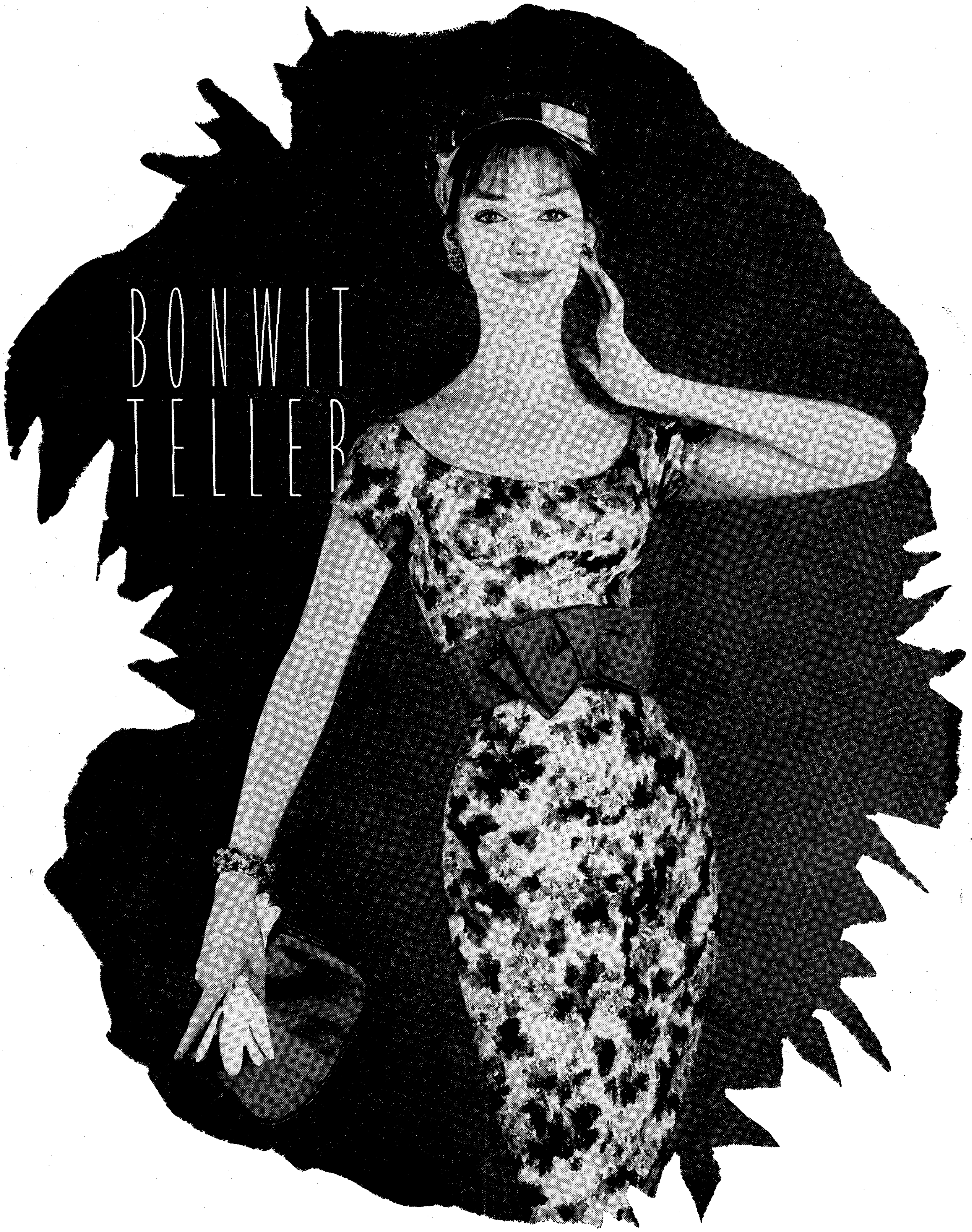

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(This week and next, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Christmas and New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cave Dwellers—A comedy by William Saroyan describing the doings of some down-and-outs who have taken up residence in an abandoned theatre. There are glimpses here and there of the talent that gave us "The Time of Your Life," but for the most part the play isn't very satisfying. Barry Jones, Eugenie Leontovich, Wayne Morris, and Susan Harrison are in the cast. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Compulsion—A very long and very shallow melodrama derived from Meyer Levin's novel about the Leopold-Loeb case. Some four dozen actors figure in the affair, among them Roddy McDowall, Dean Stockwell, Michael Constantine, and Howard Da Silva. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

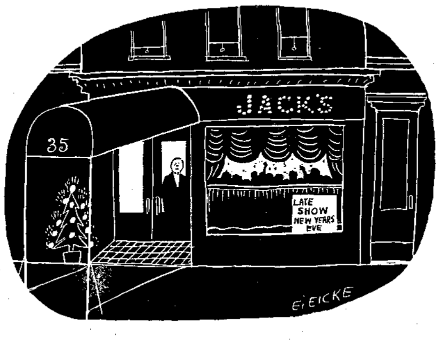
The Country Wife—Wycherley's comedy about a rake who pretends to be impotent is bawdy, spirited, and perhaps a little wearing for those who don't happen to admire Restoration drama. Julie Harris, Pamela Brown, and Laurence Harvey head a cast that was directed by George Devine, and Motley designed the charming sets and costumes. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 1-2, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Sunday, Dec. 29.)

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—Maybe William Inge has tried to crowd a little too much into this play about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago, but nevertheless the drama is, for the most part, quite compelling. Under Elia Kazan's direction, the cast, led by Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart, performs with notable skill against an effective set created by Ben Edwards. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 1, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, and Thursday, Jan. 2.)

Fair Game—Sam Locke's farce about a virtuous divorcée and all the men who pursue her is cheerful, though familiar, and Sam Levene is wonderfully funny as a middle-aged rake. With Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

Look Back in Anger—The chief figure in this play by John Osborne is a young man who is down on everything and everybody, but he is an entertaining character for all his misanthrophy. In the cast are Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. They are all splendid. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 1, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, and Sunday, Dec. 29.)

Look Homeward, Angel—Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel has some of the faults inevitable in such a major condensation, but it is still a work of unusual power and stature. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith are superb as young Eugene Gant and his parents, and there are laudable supporting performances by Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, Victor Kilian, Florence Sundstrom, Bibi Osterwald, and Arthur Storch. George Roy Hill directed, and Jo Mielziner designed the chilling Southern sets. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)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LATE SHOW NEW YEARS EVE
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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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29	30	31	1	2	3	4

Nude with Violin—Noël Coward gives an excellent performance in this play of his about hanky-panky in the world of art, but there's more style than substance to the work. Directed by Mr. Coward, the comedy includes Morris Carnovsky, Joyce Carey, and Luba Malina in its cast. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Dec. 29.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Peter Ustinov wrote this fantasy about love and confusion in one of those mythical kingdoms, and his presence as its star is enough to get it over most of the dull spots. The cast includes Henry Lascoe, Natalie Schafer, and Fred Clark. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Thursday, Dec. 26, at 2:40 and 8:40; Friday, Dec. 27, at 8:40; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:40 and 8:40; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3 and 9; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, at 8:40; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 8:40; and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Rope Dancers—Siobhan McKenna is very impressive in Morton Wishengrad's sombre and not always quite coherent play about a haunted woman, her wastrel husband, and their crippled child. Art Carney, Joan Blondell, and Theodore Bikel do well with other leading roles, and Boris Aronson's tenement set is grimly effective. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Remembered—Helen Hayes at her miraculous best in an Anouilh comedy crowded with beguiling characters, most of them mad. The play has sets by Oliver Smith, costumes by Miles White, and some pleasing airs by Vernon Duke. Miss Hayes gets fine support from Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**AUNTIE MAME:** Rosalind Russell is the eccentric relative. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT:** Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Jason Robards, Jr., in Eugene O'Neill's posthumous work exploring the tragedies of his youth. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 7:30. Special matinée Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 2:30.) . . . **THE TUNNEL OF LOVE:** A bunch of Westport cutups carrying on about adultery. Joseph Fields and Peter De Vries wrote the script, after the novel by Mr. De Vries, and Tom Ewell is in the cast. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **A VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET:** Cyril Ritchard is the caller from outer space, and Edward Andrews is the overstuffed Pentagon general. (Booth 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 1-2, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, and Sunday, Dec. 29. Closes Saturday, Jan. 11.)

MUSICALS

Jamaica—Lena Horne sings superbly (and acts with regal indifference) in this uneven musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the generally distinguished music, and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. There's nothing to be said for the tedious book. The cast, directed by Robert Lewis, includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson's musical, based on a story written by him and Franklin Lacey. Included in the cast are Robert Preston, Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton. Staged by Morton Da Costa and produced by Kermit Bloomgarden, in association with Herbert Greene and Frank Productions, Inc. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New Girl in Town—George Abbott's rearrangement of "Anna Christie" has its entertaining moments, though they have little connection with anything O'Neill ever wrote. Bob Merrill did the songs, and Gwen Verdon and Thelma Ritter are enormously winning at the head of the cast. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.)

West Side Story—The story of Romeo and Juliet has been restated in terms of a teen-age gang war in this generally impressive, if not completely moving, offering, for which Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the particularly fine dances. The cast, directed by Mr. Robbins, includes Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, Carol Lawrence, Mickey Calin, and Ken LeRoy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BELLS ARE RINGING:** A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. One of the phones she answers is that of Sydney Chaplin, cast as a convivial playwright. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **LI'L ABNER:** A depiction of the dim-witted clodhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip. Peter Palmer and

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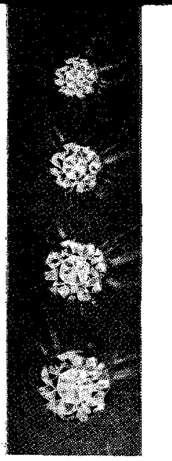

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Joyce Gladmond portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Dec. 26.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Julie Andrews plays Eliza Doolittle. The cast also includes Viola Roache and Reginald Denny. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 1, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinées Thursday, Dec. 26, and Thursday, Jan. 2.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

MISS ISOBEL—Shirley Booth in a play by Michael Plant and Denis Webb. Directed by Cedric Hardwicke and produced by Leonard Sillman and John Roberts. Opens Thursday, Dec. 26. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Jan. 1, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinées Friday, Dec. 27, and Thursday, Jan. 2.)

FUN AND MAGIC—Cornelia Otis Skinner and her character sketches, plus Fred Keating and his sleight of hand, to say nothing of some sleight of hand by Miss Skinner and some character sketches by Mr. Keating. Presented by Shepard Traube. Opens Sunday, Dec. 29, at 8:30, at the Shubert, 44th St., W., CI 6-5990. (Moves on Monday, Dec. 30, to the Golden, 45th St., W., CI 6-6740, where it will play nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 3, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—"Die Fledermaus," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

CHERRY LANE THEATRE—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister and Paul Shyre. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

CIRCLE IN THE SQUARE—Henderson Forsythe and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 7:30; on New Year's Eve at 6:30.)

CRICKET THEATRE—Vicki Cummings in "A Palm Tree in a Rose Garden," a comedy written by Meade Roberts and directed by Warren Enters. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-9305. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

DOWNTOWN THEATRE—George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

GATE THEATRE—Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," in a new dramatization by Boris Tumarin (who also directed it) and Jack Sydow. With Eileen Ryan and James Patterson. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Eileen Herlie in Karel Capek's melodrama "The Makropoulos Secret," adapted and directed by Tyrone Guthrie. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

RENATA THEATRE—"Simply Heavenly," a Negro folk comedy by Langston Hughes, based on his novel "Simple Takes a Wife," with songs by him and David Martin, and with Melvin Stewart at the head of the cast. (Renata Theatre, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 8:40; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8 and 10:15; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3 and 8; and New Year's Eve at 8 and 10:15. Moves on Friday, Jan. 3, to the Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St., OR 4-3838. The schedule there will be Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:15; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

ROOFTOP THEATRE—Claude Dauphin, Tammy Grimes, and Edith Atwater in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

SHAKESPEAREWRIGHTS—"Julius Caesar," directed by Philip Lawrence. (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Sunday, Dec. 29, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

THEATRE DE LYS—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Scott Merrill, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

YORK PLAYHOUSE—"Garden District," by Tennessee Williams, consisting of two plays, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer." The cast, under the direction of Herbert Machiz, includes Hortense Alden, Eleanor Phelps, and Anne Meacham. Presented by John C. Wilson and Warner LeRoy. Previews Tuesday through Sunday, Dec. 31-Jan. 5, at 8:40. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 7. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—"The Nutcracker": Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 2:30; Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 12:30 and 5:30; and Monday, Dec. 30, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 8:30: "Swan Lake," "Square Dance," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 12:30 and 5:30: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:30: "Divertimento No. 15," "Gounod Symphony" (première), "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30: "Four Temperaments," "The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2:30: "Con Amore," "Pastorale," "Pas de Trois" (Glinka), and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Orpheus," "Pas de Trois" (Minkus), and "Fanfare." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Jan. 19.)

JOSÉ GRECO—With his company of Spanish dancers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a probationary member of the Junior and Ivy Leagues, has dinner music until ten, and dancing after that to Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. Black tie, by the way, on New Year's Eve.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Mink-ranching right in the heart of this great big city. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra buzz like mad night after night. Bib and tucker will be requisites on New Year's Eve.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—It's so peaceful in the country called the Cotillion Room, where even the gay little trumpet of Joseph Ricardel's dance band wears a mute. There's also a mobile posse of Viennese violins, and twice a night a few songs, sung straight from the shoulder by a concert-stage sort of young lady named Liz Doubleday. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room is in the hands of Ted Straeter, fashion plate, tenor, pianist, and leader of men—all of them tenors and dance instrumentalists, too. There's further music by Mark Monte's men. Alma Cogan, a Londoner who sings loud and clear, will fire her parting shots during dinner and supper on Saturday, Dec. 28. The place will be closed, as usual, on Sunday, and on Monday, Dec. 30, Carol Channing will usher in the Persian Room's silly season just by being her amiable, clownish self. Only a supper show on New Year's Eve, incidentally. . . . ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays tea-with-cream music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and filet-mignon music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either arena.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, the Guy Lombardo dance band, one of the oldest family trees around, is again whispering music for somnambulists. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a *cordon-bleu* pleasure dome, is where Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small ensembles play, play, play for dancing, except for the moments during dinner and supper when Julie Wilson, queen of this particular Mayfair, walks in beauty like the night and sings her prankish songs. All quiet Sundays and New Year's Day; New Year's Eve, Miss Wilson will do just a late, late show.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, Les and Larry Elgart's orchestra, a big but never run-of-the-mine dance band, breaks loose every now and then. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Monday, Dec. 30, is quitting time for Guylaine Guy, the anchor girl in the year's long daisy chain of Parisian sopranos, and the Dornan Brothers, who believe that old jokes are the best jokes. Emil Coleman's and Béla Babai's bands, the other tenants in

On Education and the Future

Speech, House of Commons, June 15, 1874

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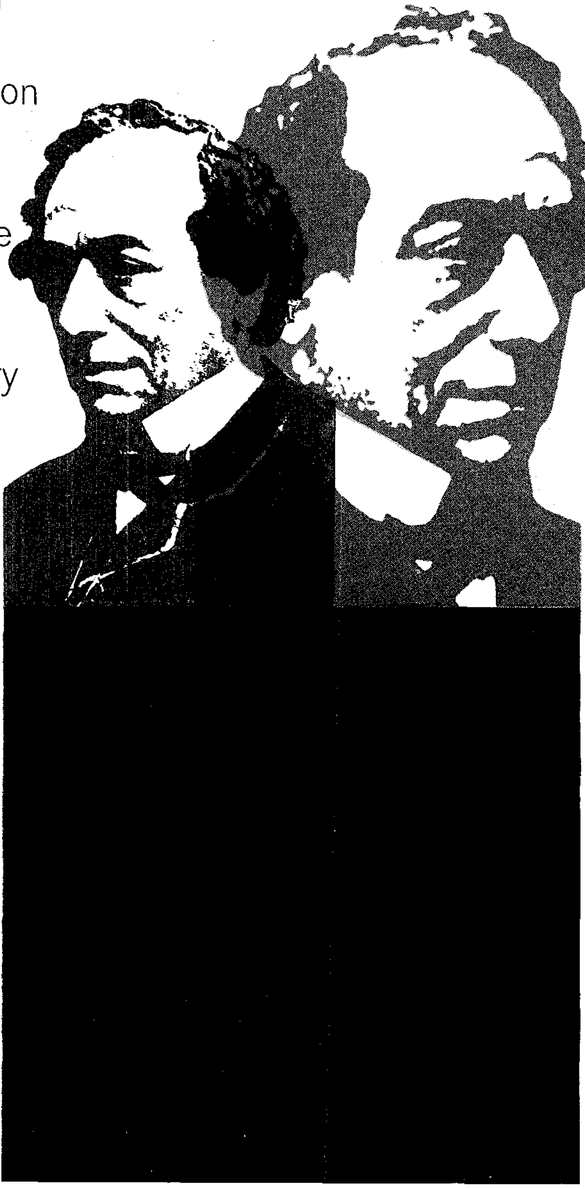

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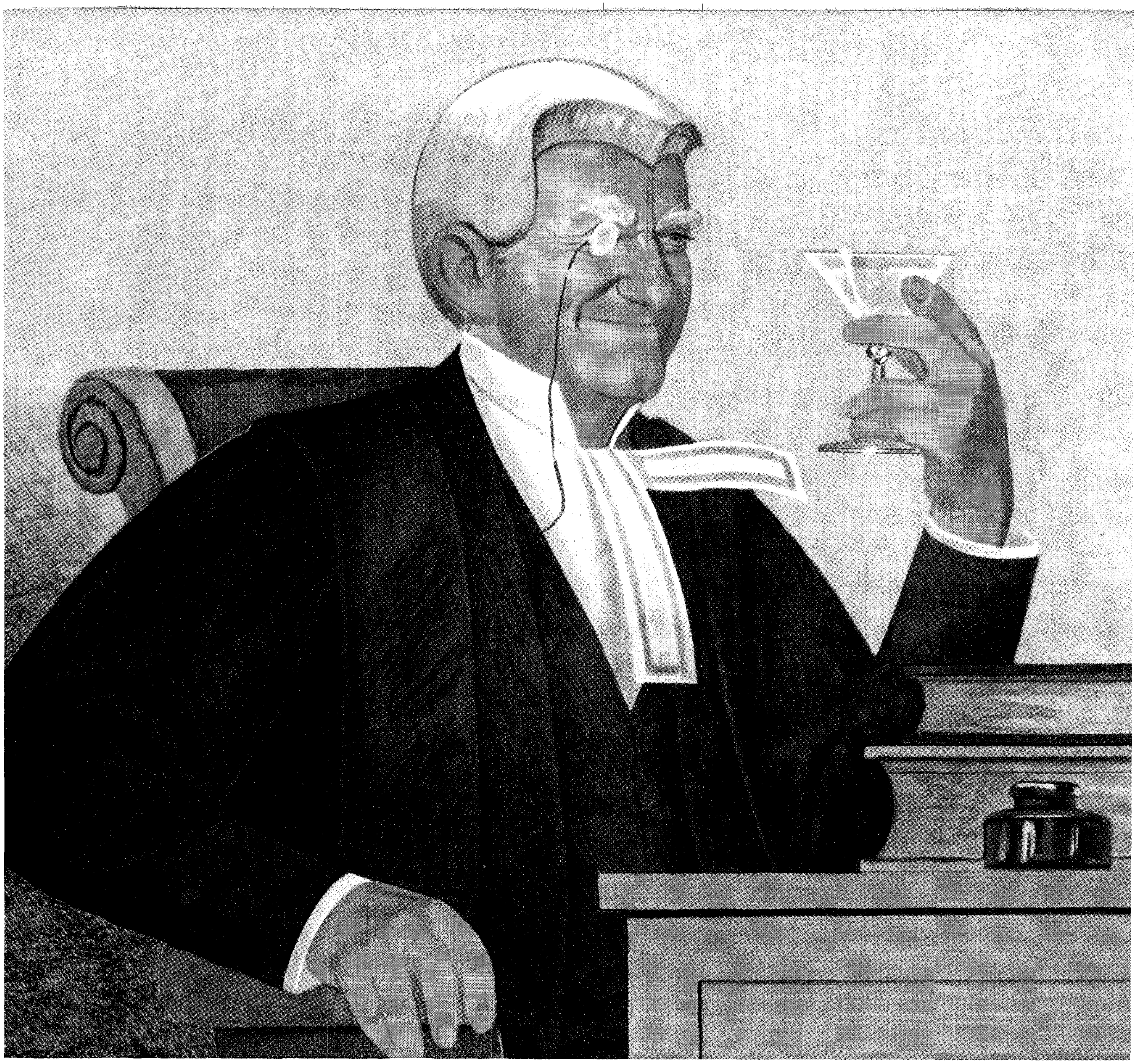
People
Of
This
Country

The
Fate
Of
This
Country
Depends

Great Ideas of Western Man—one of a series

Container Corporation of America



An able and impartial summing-up

Summing up in terms most scrupulously fair and impartial, the judge pointed out that Booth's House of Lords gin dates back to 1740—that insistent demand has caused it to be sold in every market in the world—and that experts on gin drinks affirm its outstanding excellence. The evidence fully warrants the verdict it is the world's finest dry gin.

The delightful softness and flavour of Booth's House of Lords are sufficient to satisfy any unprejudiced man that it is the *essential* ingredient of the perfect Martini. In fact, many consider it almost a crime to make a Martini with a less noble gin.

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LONDON
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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the Empire Room, will stay on to knock out decisive dance music. On New Year's Eve, Pearl Bailey will celebrate her return to town with three separate recitals, which should use up just about all of her good-natured but demimondaine lyrics. Wednesday, Jan. 1, she'll have a late-dinner airing; thereafter she'll be a two-a-night deal. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Weekdays, in a secluded nook of Peacock Alley, Jozsi Ribari's Alt Wien group and Dick Farney's trio concoct dance tunes from eight until one; the Babai band takes care of the eight-to-twelve Sunday dancing party.

Note—At the top of a tall funicular railway is the ski chalet known as the Rainbow Room, which serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine except Sundays) where cocktails and swatches of non-dance music are provided. From any window-side table, you can see the city's new landmarks sprouting where the old ones were yesterday. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey, the oldest settler in this well-groomed segment of the Forest of Arden, will be back at his Steinway on Monday, Dec. 30. Meanwhile, Paul Morse is sitting in as the cocktail, dinner, and supper performer through Saturday, Dec. 28, and Joel Forbes is the Sunday handyman. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Well known for its displays of Johnny-jump-ups and lilies of the field. Bud Gregg, who sticks to good tunes instead of hit tunes, bends over the piano from ten-thirty on. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Fraternity house and sorority house rolled into one to make a perpetual homecoming week. Goldie Hawkins begins his holidays as of Friday, Dec. 27; in his absence, Otis Clements, the Nantucket pied piper, will sit in at one of the two pianos along with Wayne Sanders. They'll be in action from six until curfew. Late at night, there are occasional non-scheduled flights of fancy by some of the guests. Closed Mondays and New Year's Day. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, singing songs that are fraught with ambivalence; that is to say, (1) love is where you find it, and (2) you'd better put it right back where you found it. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong equerry, is her pianist. In fact, there's piano from the cocktail hour on, by Mr. Hamilton and Don Evans, who converts what he likes best in the several schools of music into his special idiom. Miss Mercer starts around ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Renato Rossini, whose guitar is a mass of mixed emotions (passion and nostalgia are prominent), patrols this hall of mirrors. His Latin fandangos run from nine to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The glory that was Rome brought fully up to date. Interwoven with the captains and the waiters is Teo Fanidi's mobile unit of string musicians, and after the theatre one or two people break into song. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The table-side violin of the ageless Norbert Faconi, who must have been fiddling while Rome burned, is the main event in a household full of reminders of the days when knighthood was in flower. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Hugh Shannon, the dusk-to-dawn pianist and tenor from Capri, Acapulco, and St. Thomas (among other mythical isles), is doing a nice, husky retrospective show of songs about True-Blue Lou, the Baltimore Oriole, and other primitive Americans. Lee Evans' trio goes hippety-hop between sets. They all lay off Mondays, when a threesome in which Denzil Best and Cecil Young are concerned waxes progressive. The setting is theatrical greenroom. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Nighttime Spain as world travellers probably wish it really was. Regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): The sort of place its namesake might have used for his more romantic wining-and-dining tête-à-têtes. The accent, from the kitchen to the peripatetic music and the songs, is French. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Just the place to go on a Spanish diet, whether it's native dishes or native music, both of which are served from seven-thirty until very late indeed. The scenery is excellent, too. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Little old Ruritania, full of happy villagers, all busy cooking with gas, playing piano, violin, and zimbalon, or singing in French, English, Hungarian, and Ruritanian. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Wintertime, as well as summertime, the living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urbane eye could wish. The major punctuation is desultory piano by George Feyer from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the extremely matter-of-fact bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. New Year's Eve, a dance trio will be added. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues, arranged in a manner conducive to conversation, instead of mass participation, and looking unmistakably like Greenwich Village. Someone is usually at the piano. . . . **NINO'S,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, a handsome nook, there's moonlight-and-roses piano by Jules Kuti from five to ten. Closed Sundays and New Year's Day. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, the sort of place where you'd expect millionaire clubmen to pop up (or whatever they do), has Peter Walters rattling away at the piano, from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday and New Year's Day.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Except for a few minor intrusions, Milton Berle is the whole show, which is what he's wanted to be ever since he was a boy. When he sticks to the best of his humorous devices, this wish fulfillment seems like a good idea. Wednesday, Jan. 1, is his last night. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Louis Armstrong, even after fourscore and ten years of wear, is quite a trumpet man; as a jokesmith, he's down around C-minus. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the winter, young men's fancies lightly turn (in the case of Tom Lehrer, the Harvard haruspex and balladeer) to thoughts of mankind's infelicity and instability, or (in the case of Mike Nichols) of the waywardness of the American way. Mr. Nichols is assisted no end by a precocious child named Elaine May. Another trenchant soothsayer is Jorie Remus, the epitome of embattled womanhood in a male world; another trenchant lady is Felicia Sanders, a vibrant dealer in both songs of passion and songs of pastime. The agile outfielders are the Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard. . . . ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays and Mondays, there's a rantipole session by the Lyons trio from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The town's most prepossessing assortment of *enfants terribles*—Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jenny Lou Law—gallivant through the third of Julius Monk's annual series of masques, a pint-sized Pandora's box of glee. The words and music are the darkling brain children of Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding. The pit band is the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell. Tee-off time is now nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Mr. Monk's second habitat, which is more salon than anything else, offering grown-up amusement in which there is often more than meets the ear. The most entertaining of the inmates is Lovey Powell, who, with the help of Brooks Morton, her pianist and straight man, proves that there's a lighter side to almost everything. In addition, there's Hubbell Pierce, of the Rome-London-Paris carrousel, singing and playing worldly but mannerly ditties, and Warren Vaughn, chanting buoyantly to his own piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Jack Kerouac, a littérateur with all kinds of things to get off his chest, is spouting point-blank verse at an audience that is also provided with songs by Beverly Kenney, a fledgling cockatoo, as well as midnight-blue jazz by Ellis Larkin's new duo and hot-flash jazz by the Lee Konitz quartet. Sundays, there's a four-thirty matinée, too. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Kaye Ballard, who learned everything she knows about acting at an exclusive girls' school of the trauma, is the most cheerful idiot on hand; Tony and Eddie, parodists with a fearsome gleam in their eyes, are the noisiest ones. The music is Jimmie Daniels' airy lyrics, the jovial cacophonies of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, and the new-deal jazz solos of Morgana King. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Igor & H., two youngsters who have been spending the best years of their lives thinking up merry remarks for other voices, other places, are now speaking for themselves, to say nothing of acting—mostly like maniacs. Betty O'Neill, who expresses herself in rhythm and rhyme, is the other guest. There are, besides, those familiar faces, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, who never stray far from their twin pianos. Sundays, when Igor & H. play hooky, there are silent movies; Mondays, when Miss O'Neill is marked absent, are amateur nights. . . . **DOWN IN THE DEPTHS,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th Street (OR 9-7848): The depths in question are under the Hotel Duane, and they are made cozy and livable by the ballads of Isobel Robins, a well-behaved little blond menace; the commentaries of Don Evans; and the music of Chuck Wayne's trio. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): An awesome collection of fire power, going by the names of Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Wild Bill Davison, Herb Hall, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon. The speech pattern is distinctly Early American. In between times, the venerable Cliff Jackson is the professor. Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the interest. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Billy Maxted band is at home on this range, which has a distinctly Southern exposure. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Sturdy old troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Benny Moten, who believe that the jazz that Grandpa used to make was the best in the land. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Sunday, Dec. 29, the shop will be turned over to Colgate University's Hi-Five Band; next eve-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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ning, the University of Pennsylvania's Quaker City Five will have the floor. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): At the back end of this little Steinway Hall, the trios of Mary Lou Williams, one of the first citizens of abstract piano, and Billy Taylor, a later but nevertheless expert practitioner of the cult, leave just about nothing to be desired. The Williams are on leave Sundays, the Taylors Mondays. Their night starts at nine. Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude,* is at the piano from six to about nine most evenings, and all night Sundays and Mondays. Saturday is his day of rest. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The grooves in some of the Count Basie orchestrations are slowly wearing down into ruts, but there's life in the old band yet. Superheated life is evident in the blues of Joe Williams, the band's spokesman, for whom admiration is no more than his due. The group known as Les Jazz Modes make much sweeter thunder. On Thursday, Jan. 2, a new lineup—the quintet of Miles Davis and Johnny Richards' band. The regulars are on leave Mondays, when guest artists assemble to make jam. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the circular bar, Marian McPartland exhibits a nice change of pace and great enthusiasm for the new music. Her piano and trio set to at nine-thirty. The soloist is Dick Katz, a pianist in the same state of mind. No action Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): A neat little conservatory of good music, now home base for the trio of the graceful Barbara Carroll, whose piano thoughtfully endows the staccato involutions of modern jazz with a welcome dash of emotional content. Oscar Nord, the intermission keyboard man, is new-school, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHERRY LANE,** 42 Commerce St. (OR 5-5310): This one would serve nicely as a Persian garden, but actually it serves as restaurant and sound box. The sound-box side is occupied, after nine, by Dick Hyman, Vinnie Burke, and Joe Puma, whose newfangled thoughts on music result in some absorbing give and take between their instruments. From dinnertime on, Clyde Burke indulges in occasional sprees of real pretty voice and piano. The trio ends its run on New Year's Eve, and the place will take the next day off. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Murder will out every time, if Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and J. C. Higginbotham have anything to say about it. The victims are pop tunes of yesterday, and the butchery (completely in fun) is just about continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti, Napoleon, and Eldridge hold a group discussion with Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Youth will be served, principally with foaming flagons of *ale and foaming Dixieland. The establishment,* a weekend operation, will present on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 27-28, and again on New Year's Eve, such wise old owls as Jo Jones, Charlie Shavers, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Willie the Lion Smith, Tony Parenti, Dick Wellstood, and Panama Francis. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): Up on the second floor of the Henry Hudson Hotel, there's solid-silver service by Bobby Hackett's magic horn, flanked by the output of such virtuosos as Buzzy Drootin, Bob Wilber, and John Dengler. The sound effects are New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis, and little old New York. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): More an open forum than a listening post nowadays. The professional portion of the noise comes from Teddy Wilson's trio, which takes you on a happy return to the time when B. G. stood for Benny (not Bergdorf) Goodman, and from the threesome of Eddie Heywood, a steady-going venerable. Other hands take over on Sundays. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Easy come, easy go is the rule of thumb here. The current timetable, which may or may not be worth the paper it's printed on, calls for the Mark V quintet (Reese Markewich is its head man) and the Randy Weston quartet. There are sessions every Sunday from 5 P.M. until midnight. The music is all younger-generation, some of it still damp behind the ears. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Charlie Mingus, a law unto himself, is making his kind of new music with the help of four sidemen. His place of business is no bigger than a minute, and quite informal. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6; they will all be closed New Year's Day. Some, as indicated, will be closed Tuesday, Dec. 31, and some are likely to close early on that day.)

GALLERIES

Afro—New paintings, of spiderlike delicacy in pattern, by a leading Italian abstractionist; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Ornulf Bast and Jon Engilberts—Sculptures by the first, paintings by the second, in a first New York showing of works by two Icelandic artists; through Tuesday Dec. 31. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Cornell—A new set of his always delightful shadow-box constructions; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

Sam Francis—Brightly colorful abstract water colors and a big (ten-by-sixteen-foot) canvas; through Friday, Dec. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Hamilton Fraser—Paintings by a young British modern. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Arshile Gorky—A memorial show of paintings by one of the forerunners of Abstract Expressionism; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Grover Wulvern Hendricks—Sculpture-constructions in glass, metal, and other materials. First one-man show in New York; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Fernand Léger—Paintings and drawings; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Leo Manso—Abstract oils and collages; through Monday, Dec. 30. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Paul Mommer—Paintings, sombre in mood but solidly designed, dating from the *nineteen-thirties to the present; through Jan.* 11. (Washington Irving Gallery, Irving Pl. at 17th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

William Palmer—Glowingly colorful semiabstract landscapes, in his best show to date; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Germaine Richier—Semiabstract bronze figures by this French sculptress; through Friday, Dec. 27. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Jean Paul Riopelle—Paintings by a French-Canadian who is one of the leaders of the Paris Tachiste school; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Larry Rivers—Landscapes and figures, in addition to two sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Anne Ryan—A show of color prints, remarkable for their technical dexterity, by an artist who died in 1954; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Charles Salerno—Recent sculptures, principally in stone; through Jan. 25. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

Mario Sironi—Paintings, semiabstract in style, by a contemporary Italian. First one-man show in New York; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Richard Stankiewicz—Sculptures in iron and steel, many of them figures of birds; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Hansa, 210 Central Park S. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Stephen Tennant—Water colors and drawings, including many studies of theatre interiors, by one of the British moderns; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

Stavros Niarchos Collection—Sixty-three paintings (El Grecos, van Goghs, Gauguins, and the like), a large number of which were purchased from the former Edward G. Robinson and Gladys Lloyd Robinson collection. *For the joint benefit of the Queen of the Hellenes'* Fund and the Hospitalized Veterans Service. Through Jan. 10. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Art Unites Nations—Raphael, Holbein, and Picasso are three of the thirty-one painters represented in a loan exhibition to assist the American Association for the United Nations; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (E. & A. Silberman, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

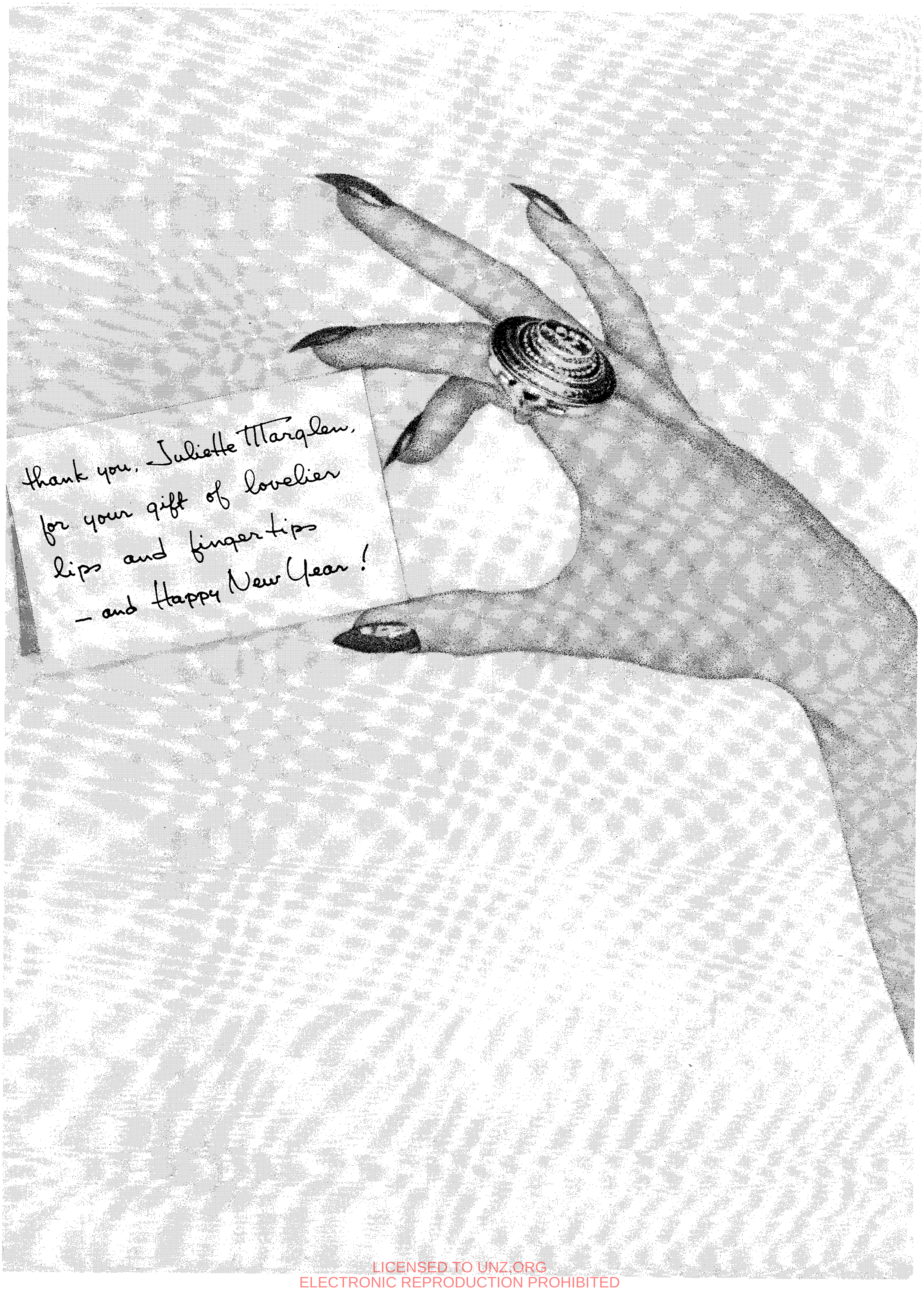
Hallmark Art Award—Fifty paintings commissioned by the well-known greeting-card firm in its fourth international competition. Edward Hopper is the first-prize winner. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Sculptures—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES,** 41 E. 57th St.: Pieces, dated 1880-1957, by Picasso, Jacques Lipchitz, David Smith, and others; through Jan. 18. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER,** 167 E. 69th St.: Barbara Lekberg, William Muir, Milton Hebald, and others; through Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

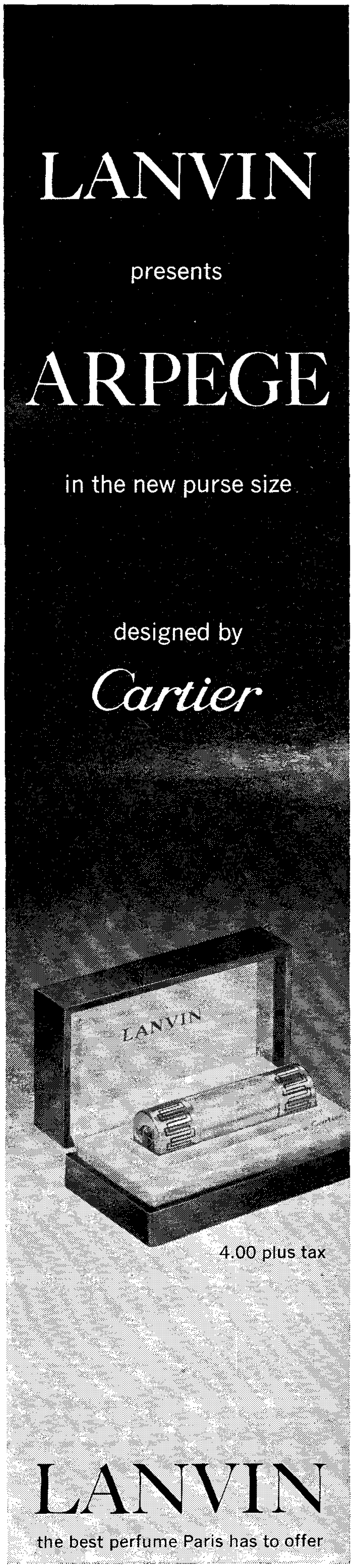
Persian and Indian Paintings—Fifteenth- to eighteenth-century miniatures; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Thursday, Dec. 26.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **CASTELLI,** 4 E. 77th St.: An invitation show of paintings and sculptures by living artists (Esteban Vicente, Richard Lippold, and Robert Goodnough, to name a few), selected by private collectors; through Jan. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6. Closed Tuesday, Dec. 31.) . . . **GREENWICH,** 71 Washington Pl.: Drawings and water colors by, among others, Milton Avery, Nicolai Cikovsky, and Raphael Soyer; through Jan. 11. (Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30 and, except Tuesday, Dec. 31, from 8 to 10.) . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century oils and water colors by Winslow Homer, Stephen Etnier, Ogden M. Pleissner, and others; through Jan. 11. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY,** 131 W. 55th St.: Oils, chosen by Edwin Dickinson, Walter Murch, and Grace Hartigan; through Friday, Jan. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PARSONS,** 15 E. 57th St.: "Review 1957," a display of paintings and sculptures by Calvert Coggeshall, Enrico Donati, Marie Taylor, and others; through Saturday, Jan. 4.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **DAVIS,** 231 E. 60th St.: Fifteenth- through nineteenth-century drawings by Piranesi, Delacroix, Pissarro, and others; through Monday, Dec. 30. . . . **FRIED,** 40 E. 68th St.: Fifty paintings and drawings by twenty-three modern masters, including Gris, Schwitters, and Nicholson; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. . . . **KLEEMANN,** 11 E. 68th St.: Such Expressionist and contemporary German artists as Nolde, Kandinsky, and Baumeister; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. . . . **NEW GALLERY,** 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Drawings and water colors, from Tiepolo to Picasso; through Saturday, Dec. 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays,



thank you, Juliette Marglen,
for your gift of lovelier
lips and finger tips
— and Happy New Year!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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

10:30 to 5:30.)... **NIVEAU,** 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French masters—Chagall, Utrillo, Pascin, and others; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.... **PERIDOT,** 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Maillol, Moore, and Arp are represented in an exhibition of sculptures and drawings; through Jan. 11.... **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by Bombois, Braque, Vlaminck, and other French artists; through Feb. 8.... **SAIDENBERG,** 10 E. 77th St.: A painting apiece by fifteen twentieth-century artists, among them Léger, Gleizes, and Severini; through Jan. 18.... **WORLD HOUSE,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Works by Campigli, Gauguin, Rodin, and other painters and sculptors; through Jan. 25.

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ALAN,** 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: George Cohen; starting Tuesday, Dec. 31.... **THE CONTEMPORARIES,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Giuseppe Macri; starting Saturday, Jan. 4. ... **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Louise Nevelson; starting Saturday, Jan. 4.... **JACKSON,** 32 E. 69th St.: John Hultberg; starting Thursday, Jan. 2.... **KLEEMANN,** 11 E. 68th St.: Emil Nolde; starting Saturday, Jan. 4.... **MIDTOWN,** 17 E. 57th St.: Fred Nagler; starting Tuesday, Dec. 31. ...¶ Group shows at the **DOWNTOWN,** 32 E. 51st St.; starting Monday, Dec. 30. **JANIS,** 15 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, Dec. 30.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings, sculptures, and decorative arts (by Raphael, Rembrandt, Goya, Degas, and others) from the Edward S. Harkness, the J. P. Morgan, the Felix Warburg, and other private collections that have been given to the Museum; through Jan. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Recent acquisitions, including American and European paintings, drawings, and sculptures by George Grosz, Giorgio de Chirico, Reg Butler, and others; through Jan. 5.... ¶ A Marc Chagall exhibition celebrating his seventieth birthday. It consists of five oils, water-color designs for the ballet "Aleko," and three series of etchings, for La Fontaine's "Fables," the Bible, and Gogol's "Dead Souls." Through Feb. 23.... ¶ A display of photomurals, casts of architectural details, and color stereo slides illustrating the work of the Spanish architect Antoni Gaudí (1852-1926); through Feb. 23. ...¶ "Seventy Photographers Look at New York City," a showing made up of photographs from the eighteen-fifties to the present, taken by Mathew Brady, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, and others. Through Feb. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—American portraits of the past two hundred and fifty years, including works by Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, Mary Cassatt, and George Bellows; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—A special exhibition of the fifeenth-century triptych called the Merode altarpiece, recently acquired by the Museum. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—Thirty-seven oils and drawings by Piet Mondrian, in a show stressing the earlier (1904-20) years of his career; through Jan. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and New Years's Day, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Oil paintings by Adolph Gottlieb; through Tuesday, Dec. 31. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Religious art, including scale models of contemporary churches and synagogues in the United States, a series of tapestries designed by such American artists as Abraham Rattner and Hans Moller, and modern ceremonial objects in gold, silver, and enamel. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1957 annual exhibition of contemporary American sculptures, oils, and water colors, comprising a work apiece by a hundred and eighty-six artists; through Jan. 12. (Daily, except New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Dec. 26, at 8:15: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Risë Stevens, Hilde Gueden, and Emilia Cundari. Alicia Markova will appear as guest ballerina.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Eleanor Steber, Lucine Amara, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, and Cesare Valletti. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2: "Andrea Chénier," with Zinka Milanov, Richard Tucker, Leonard Warren, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 28, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Victoria de los Angeles, Heidi Krall, Flaviano Labò, and Frank Guarrera.... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Carmen," with Risë Stevens, Lucine Amara, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Monday, Dec. 30, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Eleanor Steber, Daniele Barioni, George London, and Gerhard Pechner.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 8: "La Périchole" (in English), with Patrice Munsel, Cyril Ritchard, Theodor Uppman, and Alessio De Paolis. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Victoria de los Angeles, Cesare Valletti, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Mary Curtis-Verna, Flaviano Labò, Leonard Warren, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, and Leonard Warren. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2: "Faust," with Hilde Gueden, Nicolai Gedda, Jerome Hines, and Robert Merrill.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Victoria de los Angeles, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, and Martial Singher.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its regular series of concerts at Carnegie Hall next week. Leonard Bernstein conducting, and acting as piano soloist, on Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 3, at 2:30; and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:45 (with Philippe Entremont, piano).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of Viennese music, with Marilyn Costello, harp, and William Kincaid, flute. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 8:30.)

TWILIGHT CONCERT—Milton Rosenstock conducting the Gotham Small Orchestra. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 5:30. For information about free tickets, call MU 2-6521.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas Scherman directing a performance of Richard Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos," in concert form, with Eileen Farrell and Mattiwilda Dobbs, sopranos, and Jon Crain, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

VIENNA CHOIR BOYS—Gerhard Track directing. (Town Hall. Friday, Dec. 27, at 8:40, and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 2:40.)

CANTATA SINGERS—Arthur Mendel directing a performance of J. S. Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Charles Bressler, tenor; Paul Matthen, bass; and a baroque orchestra. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Sunday, Dec. 29. In two parts, from 6:30 to 8 and from 9 to 10:30. For information about tickets, call MO 6-6350.)

MUSIC FORGOTTEN AND REMEMBERED—Frederic Waldman directing a performance of Rossini's Petite Messe Solennelle, by Adele Addison, soprano; Beatrice Krebs, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; and members of the Juilliard Opera Theatre. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium,

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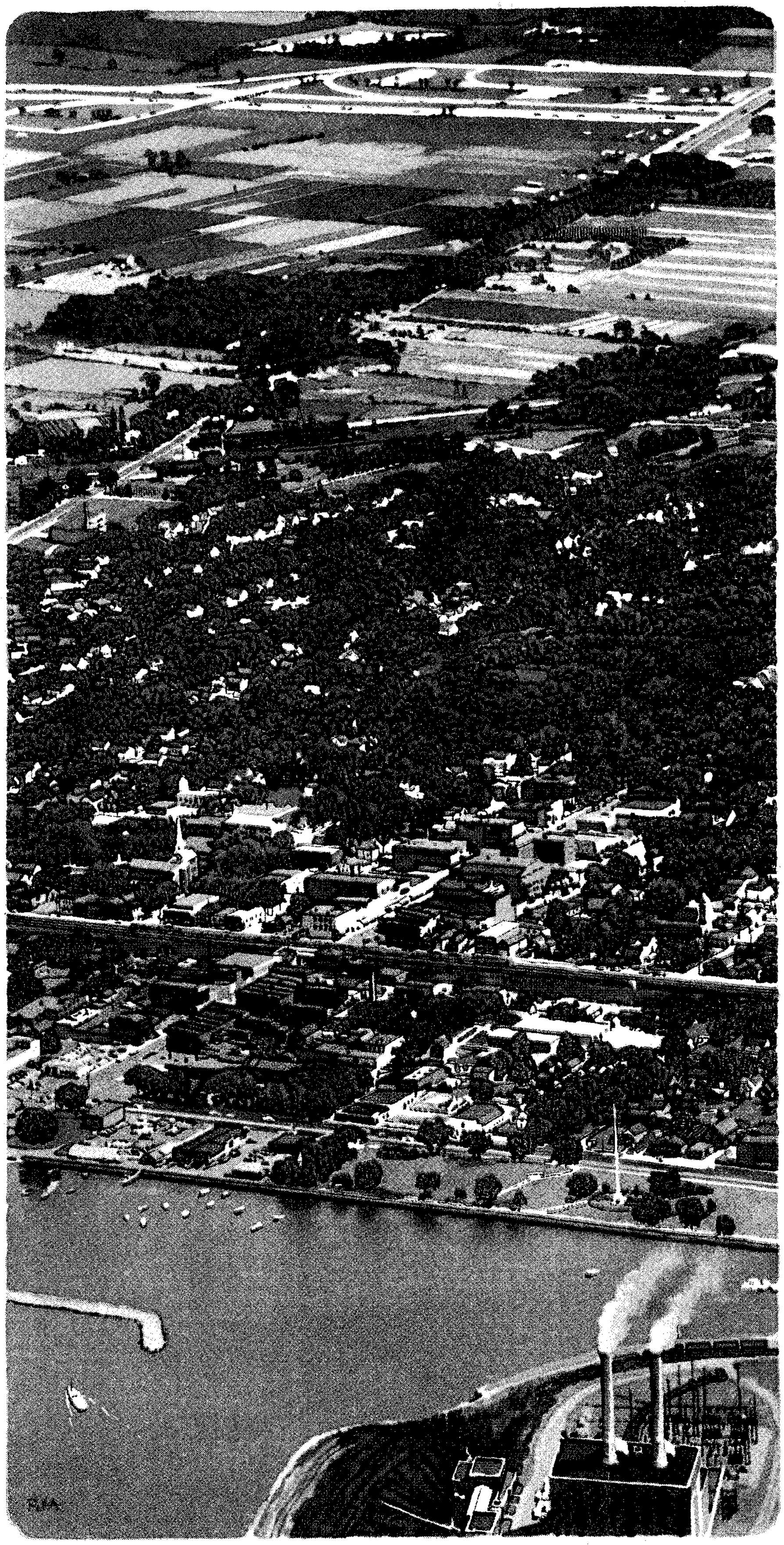

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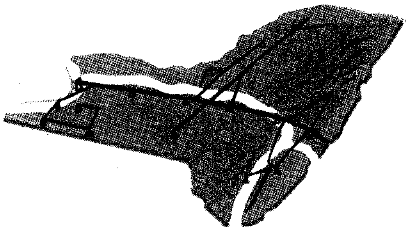

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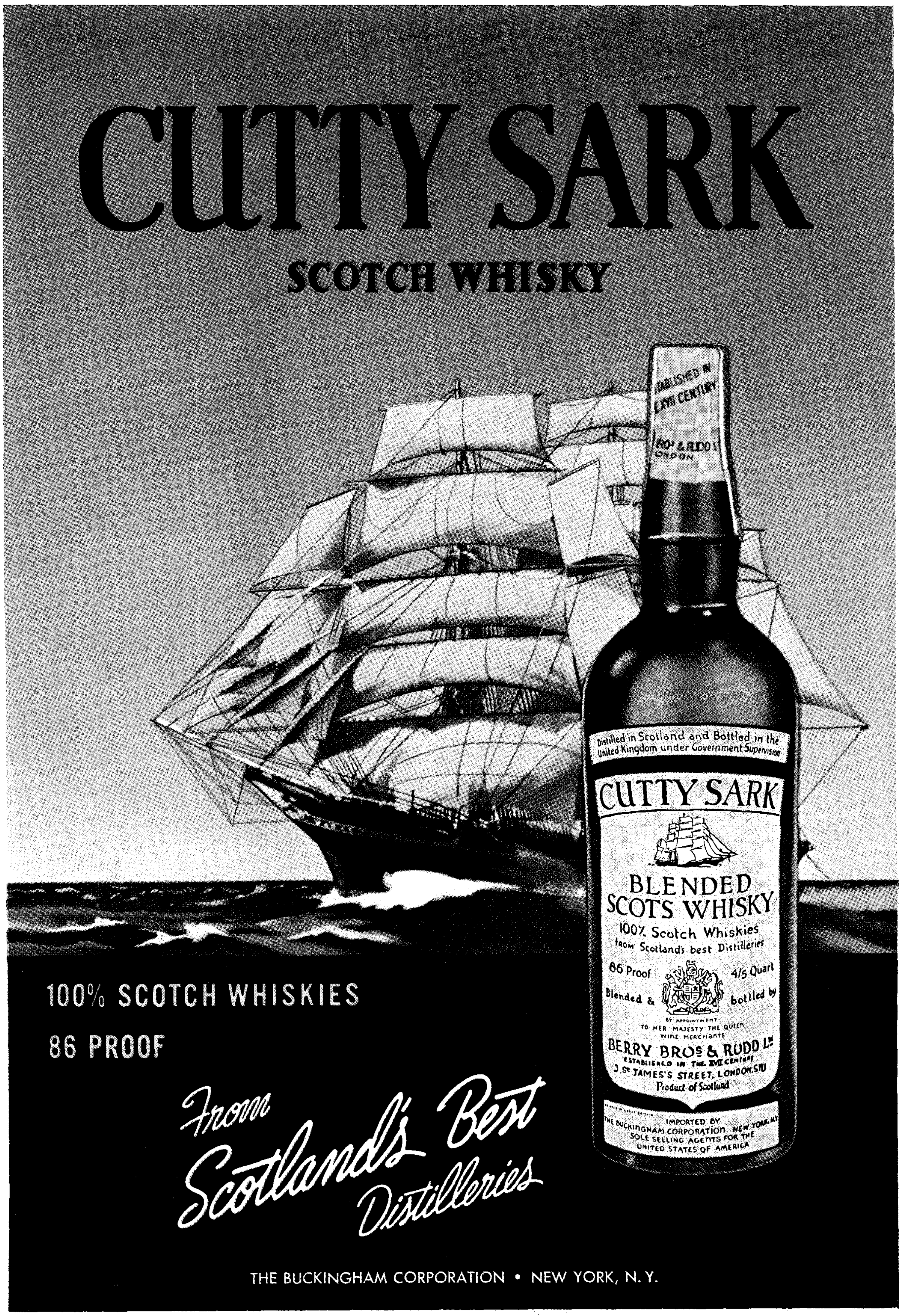

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 27, at 8:40.)

Lisa Della Casa—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, Dec. 29, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30, the fourth in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:40, a varied program, with Walter Trampler, viola.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Around the World on New Year's Eve—A potpourri, including arias and songs from operas and operettas, scenes from "Porgy and Bess" and "Carmen Jones," and the prison bit from Act III of "Fledermaus," by, among others, Laurel Hurley and Gloria Lind, sopranos; Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; Charles Anthony, tenor; Jerome Hines and Gerhard Pechner, bass-baritones; a Viennese orchestra; and soloists of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet. A benefit for the Hunter College Scholarship Funds. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 9.)

Jazz Concert—Renato Carosone and his sextet, from Italy, plus Lina Benelli, soprano; Lothar Perl, piano; the dance team of Alfred and Lenore; and Nick Avetsano and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2:30, and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Paolo Rosi vs. Johnny Busso, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 3. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 29, at 7: Rangers vs. Canadiens. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2: Rangers vs. Boston.

Horse Show—Secor Farms Indoor Horse Show. (White Plains. Sunday, Dec. 29.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Dec. 27, at 7: Philadelphia vs. Boston and Knicks vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 9: Knicks vs. Minneapolis.

Track Meet—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 7:30. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

FOR CHILDREN

Plays—By the **traveling playhouse:** "The Pied Piper," Thursday, Dec. 26, at 11. . . . ¶ "Pinocchio," Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 11 and 2:40. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366.) . . . **actors playhouse:** "Does Poppy Live Here?," a musical play. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 26-29, at 1 and 3.) . . . **junior theatre:** "Tom Sawyer." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, and Monday, Dec. 30, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **theatre for young people:** "Treasure Isle," a musical play. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Dec. 28, at 11.)

Marionettes—The Marionette Theatre of Braunschweig presenting "Dr. Faust," plus other selections. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, at 1 and 3:30, and Saturday, Dec. 28, at 10:30 and 12:45.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel," equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and pushbutton displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The December show, "The Christmas Star," deals with man's search for an astronomical explanation of the star of Bethlehem and depicts traditional Yuletide scenes. Starting Friday, Jan. 3, there will be a new show, "From Dusk to Dawn." (Special holiday schedule: Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, Dec. 30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Thursday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 3:30; Friday, Jan. 3, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday through Thursday, Dec. 30-Jan. 2, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—At the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. (BU 8-3180): "The Adventures of Robin Hood," with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland. A benefit for the Open Door Child Care Center. (Friday, Dec. 27, at 10.) . . . ¶ Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Saturdays at 11.)

Miscellany—John Langstaff presenting a Christmas program of music, dance, and drama. (Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 29, at 3. For tickets, call PL 7-0782.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 26-27, and Monday through Wednesday, Dec. 30-Jan. 1, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent for the next month; there are, however, periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees that the public may attend. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions on New Year's Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily, except New Year's Day.

Central European Manuscripts—Sixty-four religious and secular manuscripts, dating from the eighth to the seventeenth century and including works by miniaturists, scribes, goldsmiths, and artisans of Germany, Austria, Bohemia, Switzerland, and Hungary; through April 12. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Theodore Roosevelt Manuscripts—An exhibition of Roosevelt's literary manuscripts (among them "The Rough Riders," "The Winning of the West," and "African Game Trails"), together with photographs, cartoons, and illustrations for his books, and various other bully mementos of his writing career; through Jan. 5. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays and New Year's Day, 2 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "Past and Present: A Selection of German Films, 1896-1957"—Through Dec. 28: "Romanze in Moll" (1943); no English titles. . . . ¶ Dec. 29-Jan. 1: "In Jenen Tagen" (1947); no English titles. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, except New Year's Eve, when the only showing will be at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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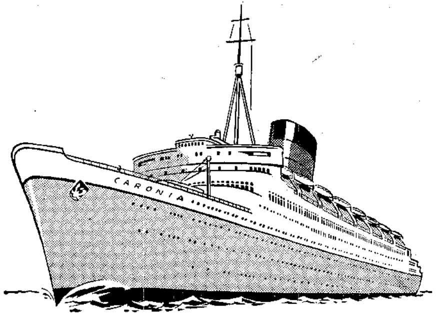

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Extra performances Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, and Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 30-31, at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

The Bridge on the River Kwai—There's plenty of variety in this highly entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers who have been captured by the Japanese during the Second World War and who are led by a colonel not too well in the head. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gervaise—Maria Schell gives a superb performance in this French adaptation of a Zola novel revealing the horrendously seamy side of life in France during the Second Empire. Also with François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Green Man—Alastair Sim in a droll English farce having to do with a gentleman who makes a practice of blowing up the people who bore him. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Jan. 1.)

The Red Balloon—The hero of this brief and pretty fantasy is a small French boy who is pursued all over Paris by a balloon that regards him as its master. Written, directed, and produced by Albert Lamorisse, the film has the valuable services of M. Lamorisse's son Pascal as its leading actor. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Dec. 31, tentative.)

Sayonara—Marlon Brando and a Japanese actress named Miiko Taka demonstrating rather happily that East and West can, too, meet. Mr. Brando, equipped with an accent that is strictly from Dixie, plays a major in the Air Force taking a breather in Kobe during the Korean War, and Miss Taka plays a lissome song-and-dance girl who makes him see the advantages of racial tolerance. The film was directed by Joshua Logan, and the cast includes Red Buttons in the role of another American smitten by a Japanese. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil B. deMille's spectacular account of the life and times of Moses makes the Biblical story look pallid. Roaming among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:30 and 8; Monday, Dec. 30, at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 2, 7, and midnight; and New Year's Day at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Bambi (1942)—Walt Disney's deer. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Dec. 26.)

Chaplin Comedies—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Dec. 29.)

The Emperor's Nightingale (1951)—A film played by a cast of puppets and a couple of genuine actors. Narrated by Boris Karloff. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Dec. 29.)

I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 28.)

I'll Cry Tomorrow (1956)—Susan Hayward in a run-through of the autobiography of Lillian Roth, which has to do with a talented musical-comedy actress and the perils of drink. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Jan. 1.)

Richard III (1956)—Shakespeare's chronicle on the last of the Plantagenets. An English film, with Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Claire Bloom. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Dec. 31, tentative.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Dec. 28.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 13.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Wild Is the Wind," Anna Magnani, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Franciosa.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Legend of the Lost," John Wayne, Sophia Loren, Rossano Brazzi.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Enemy Below," Robert Mitchum, Curt Jurgens.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SAYONARA.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Pursuit of the Graf Spee," John Gregson, Anthony Quayle, Peter Finch.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"It's Great to Be Young," John Mills, Cecil Parker.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Paths of Glory," Kirk Douglas, Ralph Meeker.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 26-28, at 10:30, 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40; Sunday, Dec. 29, at 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40; Monday, Dec. 30, at 10:30, 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40; Tuesday, Dec. 31, at 2:40 and 8:40; and New Year's Day at 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Razzia" (in French), Jean Gabin, Magali Noel.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

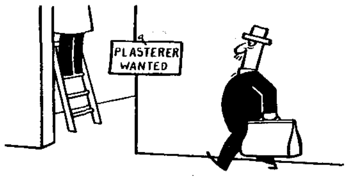
Notes and Comment

AS 1957 draws to a close, the Hope diamond, which the jeweller Harry Winston was declining to put on sale last January 1st, is still not for sale. Aside from that, it has been a very unstable year, with all sorts of unexpected developments—the revelation, for instance, that it is against the law to climb trees in the Soviet Union. Because the stock market has taken great technical strides forward, it no longer uses much ticker tape in its operations, so the Queen of England, during her parade, had to be bombarded with nonfunctional tape supplied to brokerage-house employees by the Downtown Manhattan Association. Because the stock market has taken great financial strides backward, the eventual winner of the Remington Electric Shaver "Share of America" contest, who in January is to receive either forty-two or eighty-four thousand dollars' worth of common stocks—the equivalent of the May 31st value of one share of every company listed on the Big Board—will now receive many more shares of America than he could have anticipated last summer, when the contest was announced. The Toledo Fireworks Company has a rocket in production ($23.15 per gross) that is described by its manufacturers as "best obtainable, carefully made, accurately balanced, super-charged for speed and altitude," but, because of state laws governing patriotic explosions, the rocket may not be shipped to Florida.

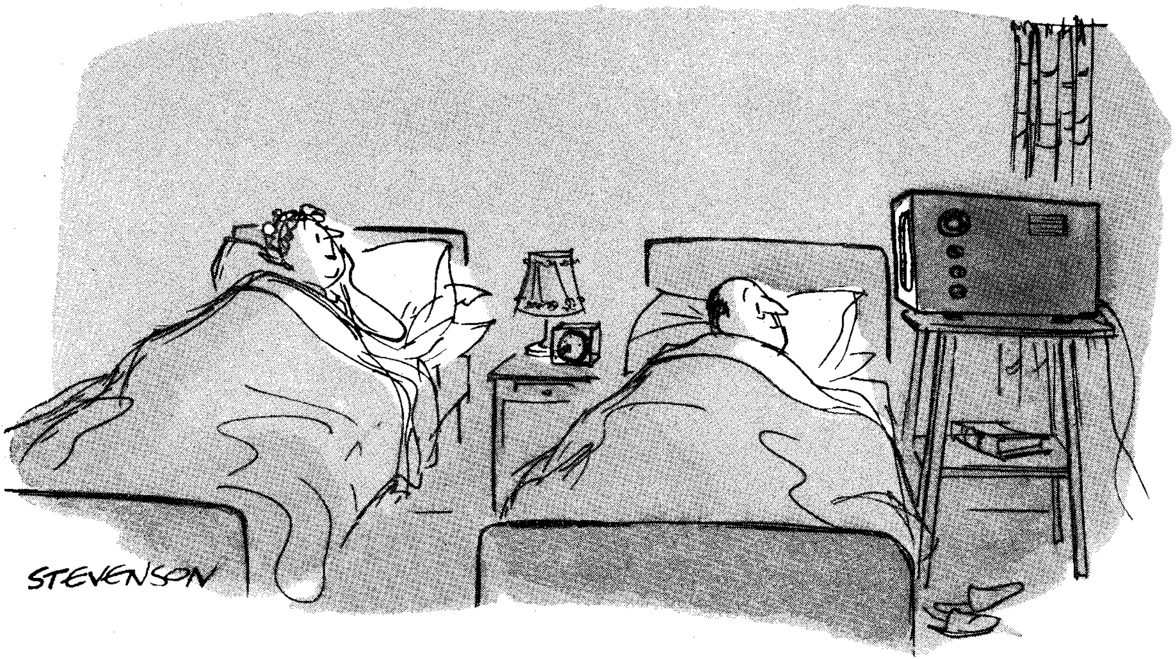
This has been an unstable year for dogs, too. The first inhabitant of the world to leave it alive was, of course, a dog. It was launched into what a Princeton professor, without anybody's batting an eye, described as a "spacescape." (The editors of the Thorndike-Barnhart Comprehensive Desk Dictionary will list "sputnik" in an edition to be published next week, but the editors of Webster's New World Dictionary are hanging back. "The word has to be watched," one of them said.) Dog lovers proved this year to be still extremely conscious of national sovereignty. An English colonel in Hong Kong has complained, in a letter to a newspaper there, of the continuing Chinese practice of eating puppies; he thinks there would be worldwide indignation "were it realized that dogs are still eaten under the British flag." Whereas in 1957 the dog population of Russia went down, the dog population of New York State, despite the region's notorious dog-eat-dog philosophy, was disclosed to have risen to eight hundred and fifty-odd thousand. That's nearly forty thousand more dogs than the state harbored a year ago, and it takes some of the sting out of the fact that in New York City the number of human beings and baseball teams has declined.

Meditation Provoked

WE'VE just been over to pay a visit to the reopened Meditation Room, in the United Nations General Assembly Building, which was closed in September to permit its embellishment with an abstract fresco by the Swedish artist Bo Beskow. The fresco, a pleasing assortment of geometrical forms in black and shades of blue, gray, white, and yellow, occupies the narrowest of the four walls of the wedge-shaped little room, which Secretary-General Hammarskjold once described as "a kind of stepchild of the architects of this house . . . dedicated to silence in the outward sense and stillness in the inner sense," and of which, from the moment of its creation, in 1952, he has served as the most attentive of guardians. Since a good many different religious beliefs are to be found among the eighty-two member nations of the U.N., the Secretary-General has been careful to exclude from the Meditation Room any specific religious symbols. The only object it contains besides the Beskow fresco and some chairs is a four-foot-high, six-ton chunk of iron ore, presented last winter by the Swedish government. Placed in the middle of the room and brilliantly lit from above, the chunk rests on a concrete pillar that goes straight down to bedrock; Mr. Hammarskjold calls it "an empty 'altar,'" but people who don't approve of altars are free to call it anything they please.



Before entering the Meditation Room, we had a brief chat with Mr. Beskow, who is an exceedingly tall man with graying hair, a Vandyke, and a taste for fancy ties. An old friend of Mr. Hammarskjold's, he lives in a farmhouse adjacent to the S.-G.'s summer place in southern Sweden, and has spent most of the past twelve years making, by a process he devised himself, stained-glass windows for an old church in Skara. He told us that it took him five weeks to paint the fresco, which is nine feet high and about six and a half feet wide. "Fresco is a very durable but exacting method of painting," he said. "One works, of course, in wet plaster, a section at a time, and there's no chance to touch anything up afterward. My greatest difficulty was in finding a first-rate plasterer; you Americans are able to put up a skyscraper practically overnight, but you're letting certain skills die out at the same time, and plastering for a fresco painter appears to be one of them. I finally discovered an old Swiss who knew exactly what I wanted. My fresco contains no intentional symbols, though I've heard people say that the black-and-pale-blue circle in the up-



"In 'Main Street,' Sinclair Lewis—or, if you will, Carol Kennicott—faces the dilemma of an inhibiting environment such as we met with earlier in Stendhal, and, one might even say, in Proust . . ."

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per middle section of the panel stands for the cosmos. All that I consciously sought to do was to open up the wall, in order to let the eye travel farther, and to open up the mind, provoking meditation but not directing it."

We followed Mr. Beskow into the Meditation Room. Two ladies were standing motionless by the chunk of iron ore and staring at the fresco. The room lived up to Mr. Hammarskjold's fondest hopes; it wasn't merely silent, it produced an inner stillness that we wouldn't have dreamed of breaking with as much as a whisper, and we waited until we were out in the corridor to congratulate Mr. Beskow on his handiwork. He asked what the fresco had put us in mind of. "Things floating higher and higher," we said. Mr. Beskow looked satisfied.

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HAVING admired the U.N.'s latest acquisition—an anonymous private gift—we decided to find out how many other works of art it has picked up over the years. Back in 1950, when the Secretariat Building opened, the then Secretary-General, Trygve Lie, issued an appeal for representative specimens of "the culture of all member nations," and to date some thirty nations have answered his appeal. The acceptance or rejection of gifts lies with the Secretary-General, and fewer feelings have been hurt over rejections than you might expect. Offers of gifts from individuals arrive almost daily and are almost invariably refused. Of such gifts, the ones most frequently tendered are books, especially Bibles; original songs; plaques; clocks and chimes; globes; and surefire peace plans. The U.N. was once offered a replica of the Arc de Triomphe, which a movie company had no further use for; the U.N. had no use for it, either. Governments have given, among other things, tapestries, furniture, general décor of a specific room, and rugs; the gift that the U.N. would like most and has received the fewest acceptable offers of is statuary.

Among the U.N.'s most recent acquisitions are two murals, entitled "War" and "Peace," painted by Cândido Portinari and presented by the government of Brazil. They were hung in the south lobby of the General Assembly Building in September. The great pendulum in the public lobby of the General Assembly Building is a gift from the Netherlands, while the seven silver-and-nickel entrance doors to that lobby were given by Canada. The Japanese bell between the General Assembly Building and the Secretariat Building was cast from coins donated by sixty U.N. member nations and hangs in a pavilion of Japanese cypress, which, in turn, stands on a base of stones contributed by Israel. The only statue on the U.N. grounds is a sixteen-foot-high equestrian "Peace," contributed by Yugoslavia. There are four statues inside the buildings: a statue of Zeus, presented by Greece; a statue of a child, presented by Denmark; and two statues, depicting "Peace" and "Prosperity," presented by Indonesia. The largest tapestry ever woven hangs inside the delegates' main entrance to the General Assembly Building and was the gift of Belgium. The ornamental iron fence that flanks the U.N. was given by the City of New York, and the circular fountain in front of the Secretariat Building was given by the schoolchildren of the United States and its territories. The pretty black stones that lie in the basin of the fountain were given by Greece. They were gathered—all seven hundred and sixty sackfuls of them—by the women of Rhodes.

Bad Luck

AT the Cortile, a neighboring bar and restaurant on Forty-fourth Street that we patronize, we welcomed home, the other day, a very large bartender named Pete, who had been laid up for a couple of weeks because of a traffic accident. Without much encouragement, Pete told us about the unsettling event. "We'd come over the Manhattan Bridge, the five of us, from Brooklyn, to get a Chinese dinner down on Pell Street, when this Buick we're riding in gets out of control and bashes through a jeweller's window," he said. "I helped one of my pals out of the car, thinking I was all right, and then I pass out. As it happened, I got some injuries to my head and maybe some trouble with my spine, which I can handle all right. But you know what really made me feel lousy was that picture they run in the *News* with me lying on the ground, covered over with a sheet. When my girl took a look at it, instead of saying maybe he's dead, she thinks—and she told me this when she visited the hospital—that I got to drop some weight. We used to go out and eat ourselves pretty near stiff, but now if I make a pass at the butter, she gripes. What ails me right now is I'm starving, and all because a goddam cameraman makes me look, while I'm lying there unconscious, like a balloon."

Via Phone Patch

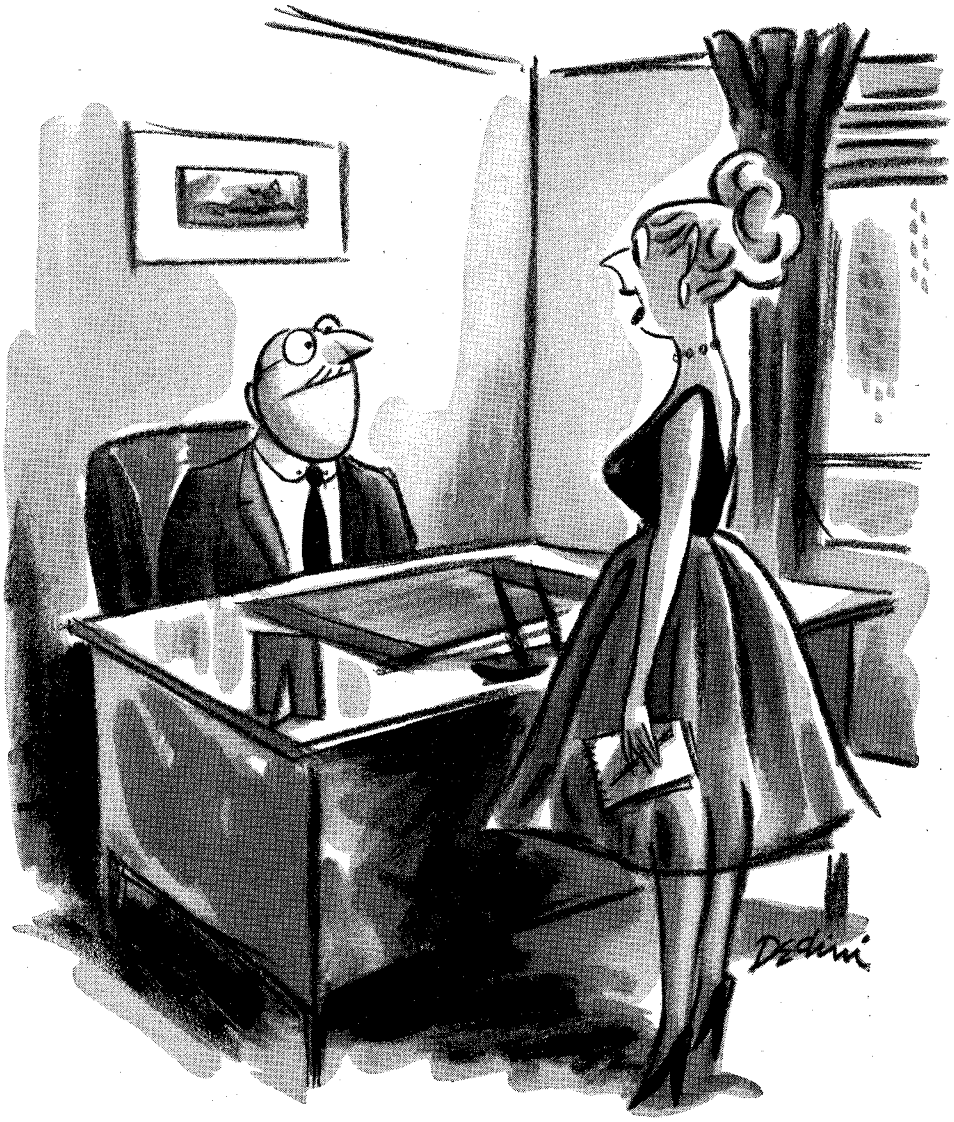
SOME weeks ago, we told about the singular experiment that Carl Eklund, a scientist engaged in geophysical research for Operation Deepfreeze, down in Antarctica, was planning to perform with the egg of an emperor penguin; to wit, open and empty the egg, tuck a tiny thermometer and radio transmitter inside, seal the egg, and substitute it for an egg on which an emperor penguin was sitting. If all went well, signals indicating the temperature inside the egg would be transmitted to a receiving station a few hundred yards away from the unsuspecting penguin parent; from there, the signals would be relayed to Eklund, at Deepfreeze headquarters, where even the slightest change in temperature inside the egg would be recorded. By means of this odd form of eavesdropping, Eklund hoped to obtain a complete record of the incubation cycle of an emperor-penguin egg and from it gain insight into the adaptability of warm-blooded animals, including man, to extremely cold weather.

Eager to learn how the experiment had turned out, we sent a radiogram to Mr. Eklund, in Antarctica. Days went by without an answer, and we'd just about given up hope of ever hearing from him when we received a telephone call from a local dentist named Paul Z. Haus. In a matter-of-fact way, Dr. Haus said that he'd been talking with Eklund, in Antarctica, from the Haus house, in Chappaqua; that Eklund had asked him to get in touch with us; and that he'd be glad to arrange for us to chat with Eklund the next time he had him tuned in. "I can hook up what we radio hams call a phone patch," Dr. Haus said. "It'll be just as if it were a regular call between Manhattan and Chappaqua. I spend a lot of my spare time—time I suppose I ought to spend sleeping—talking to people in remote outposts all over the world. If conditions are right, Eklund should come through clear as a bell. The only catch is I'm never certain when I can reach him. The likeliest time is around four-thirty in the morning. You game to be waked at that hour?"

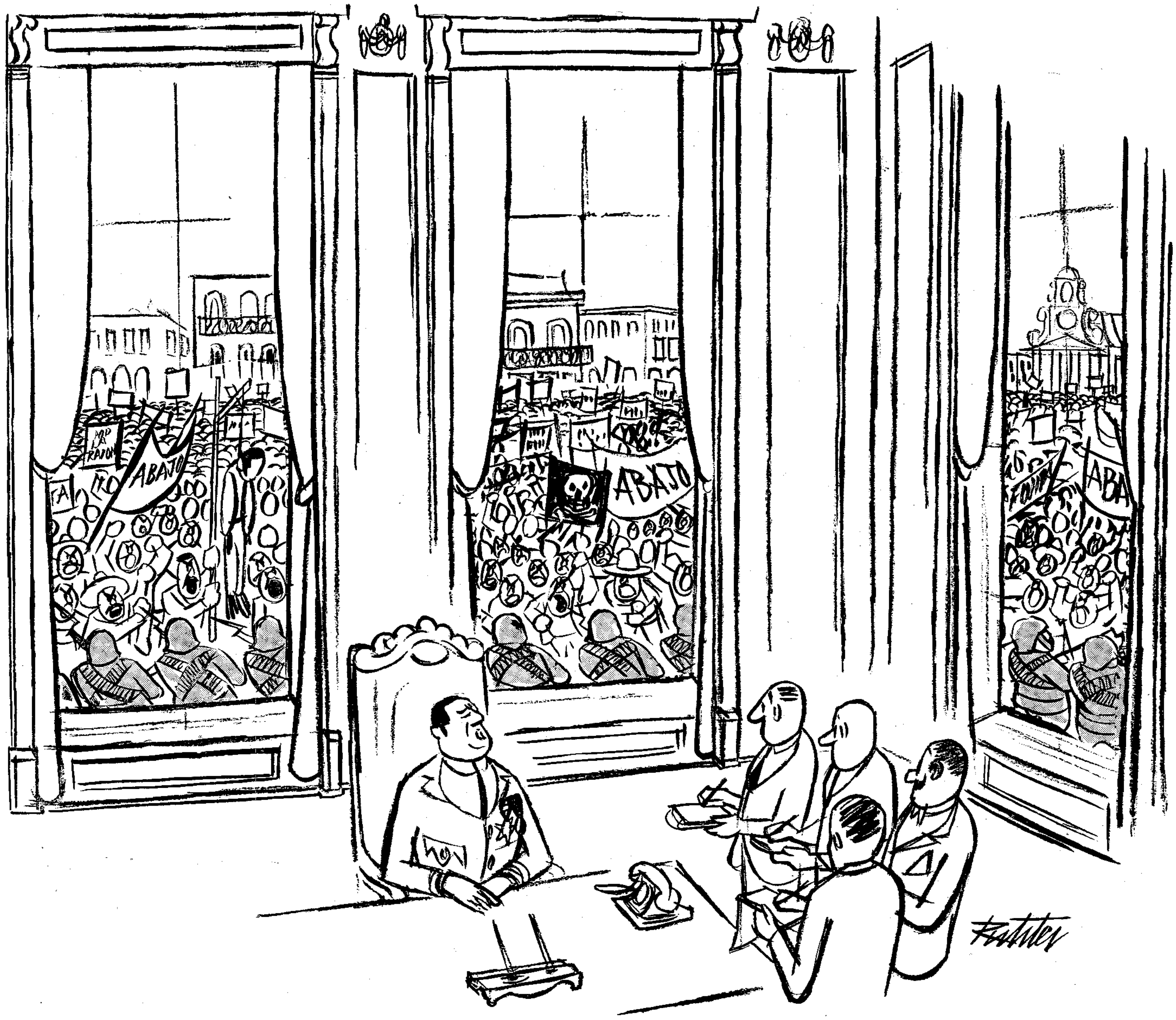
We assured Dr. Haus that we were game, and four or five days later we were roused out of a sound sleep by the ringing of our bedside phone—4:15 A.M., Dr. Haus. "Hello! Good morning!" the Doctor said, in a voice so cheery that we couldn't restrain a groan. "I have Carl Eklund, in Antarctica. It's afternoon down there. We don't have much time. Better get started." A moment later, Mr. Eklund was on the phone. "I'm talking to you from Wilkes Station, in Vincennes Bay, on the Budd Coast of Antarctica," he said. "That's over ten thousand miles from New York. My apologies for not radioing you back, but this penguin-egg project is too complicated for a radiogram. We've had a terribly frustrating time with it. I'd assumed that our chief problem would be to keep whatever penguin happened to be sitting on our radio egg from getting leery of it. Ha! The fact is we haven't been able to locate a single emperor-penguin egg, much less turn it into a machine and let some dutiful penguin try to hatch it. One reason for our failure is the fearful winds we've been having down here—up to a hundred miles an hour sometimes, and always loaded with snow. We expected to find lots of emperor penguins around our camp, but there weren't any, so we made a couple of fairly long expeditions out across country in search of their rookeries; each time, the winds drove us back. By now it's too late. Wherever the emperor penguins are, they've already hatched their eggs. Too bad. Embryological studies indicate that the penguin is the most primitive bird alive, and the emperor is the most primitive of the penguins. Our one chance of salvaging the project is to switch from the emperor to the Adélie penguin. The Adélie penguin is smaller and its eggs don't take as long to hatch; consequently, it can lay them later in the year. We're determined to find an Adélie egg and put our transmitter and thermometer in it. Small as an Adélie egg is—about the size of a turkey egg—we figure they'll just fit."

Dr. Haus cut in to ask if we'd mind signing off shortly. "I hate to break up a pleasant conversation," he said, "but I'm due at the office early today, and a dentist needs *some* sleep."

We said we had one last question



"I want to apologize for what I said at the Christmas party, Mr. Davis. I really think you're a handsome man."



"Tell your readers that I'm keeping in close touch with the situation."

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for Mr. Eklund. How were the other geophysical projects of Operation Deepfreeze coming along? Eklund answered that they were all doing splendidly. "Penguin eggs are only a sideline, you know," he said. "Our major interests down here have to do with cosmic rays, seismology, glaciology, geomagnetism, meteorology, ionospheric physics, the aurora australis, and really serious things like that. I'll let you know if we make any progress with the Adélies. Whatever happens, we'll be back in the States by the end of March. So long!"

Deferred

NOT long after dusk, a few days before Christmas, a middle-aged, rather high-strung, and somewhat closefisted fellow we know flung open the front door of his Berkshire-village weekend retreat in answer to the doorbell, and screamed like a woman. Standing there was a dwarf with protruding eyes, an enormous nose, jagged teeth, and a stunted arm stretched out and up. When our poor friend at last managed to take his hands away from his face and look again, the dwarf said, in a voice muffled by his mask, "I was sick on Halloween." A five-dollar bill was groggily handed over.

Stage-Struck

IN a dressing room at the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, on West Forty-seventh Street, one day last week, we had a chat with Anthony Perkins, the tall, gangling, handsome youth who so expertly portrays seventeen-year-old Eugene Gant—or Thomas Wolfe—in the adaptation of Wolfe's autobiographical novel "Look Homeward, Angel." Wearing silver-rimmed glasses, a pink shirt open at the throat, a black sweater, and a brown sports ensemble that included a pair of large tan buckskin shoes, Mr. Perkins exuded a sort of undergraduate charm as he welcomed us to his quarters. However, he quickly disabused us of the notion that he is as young as he looks. "What you see before you," he said, "is a well-preserved, if aging, juvenile of twenty-five. My God! Three years ago, I was playing a seventeen-year-old in this same theatre."

Mr. Perkins, who by this time was sitting on a settee, stretched his long legs across the narrow dressing room until his heels got a grip on his makeup table. "I'm glad to be playing Thomas Wolfe," he said. "I used to read him at prep school, up in Cambridge, and loved practically everything he wrote. Even now, I'm reading a copy of 'Look Homeward, Angel' between the acts of this play. It's a strange thing about Wolfe—a few years back he was thrown into the discard as a rambling romantic, but a couple of weeks ago I lost a copy of 'Look Homeward, Angel,' full of copious notes, and when I made a tour of the bookstores for a new one, I found that they were all sold out. Finally, I went to Scribner's, who originally published Wolfe, and demanded a copy of the novel. Now I've got one, all right, but my notes are gone."

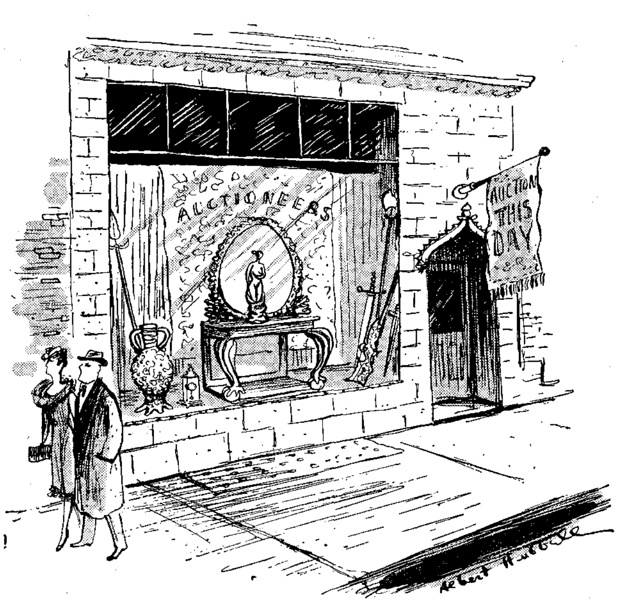
We asked Mr. Perkins if his own childhood had been similar to Wolfe's.

"Well," he said, "some of the characters seem right out of my family, but we never got assembled under one roof, as the Gants do in 'Look Homeward, Angel.' And then, of course, there's the difference that I was an only child. I was born in New York, on Twenty-sixth Street, but I don't know quite where; I think they've torn down the building, but not as a consequence. I suppose being the son of Osgood Perkins did help me in the theatre, but that's hard to say. I was so young when he died that I have no clear recollection of him. I do remember, though, that when I began to take an interest in acting, my mother pointed out that my father was a well-educated man, and that education was to come first with me, by God. I like to think about how my father got going in the theatre. He was the Ivy Orator of the class of 1914 at Harvard, and before he graduated he had done a good deal of college theatricals. Then he went to France as an Army ambulance driver. When he came back, he did a movie with Roland Young. One day, he met Young on Broadway, and Young asked him if he'd like a part in 'Beggar on Horseback,' and when he said yes, that was that. That sort of story all seems so wonderfully simple, or just plain wonderful, nowadays. My mother was never an actress, but her friends were mostly in the theatre, and during the Second World War she ran the Stage Door Canteen in Boston. All in all, I guess it was inevitable that I'd take to the stage. When I first started in summer stock, up in New England, I was a scene painter and carpenter, or maybe I should say handyman, but every now and then, at the last minute, they'd need somebody to play somebody's kid brother, and I'd get the assignment. I kept right on acting when I went to Columbia—I still live in the same apartment in the Fifties that I had when I was at school—and I reached what I thought was the zenith of human accomplishment when I returned as a full-time actor to the Robin Hood Theatre, in Delaware, where I had also once served as half carpenter, half actor."

Mr. Perkins glanced around his dressing room and then gazed at us reflectively. "Sometimes, you know," he continued, "it seems strange to me to think I'm coming *back* to Broadway when I have really been here only once before. But to get on with what Hollywood would call my saga, I was studying history at Columbia when I saw a notice in the paper that M-G-M was casting 'The Actress,' by Ruth Gordon. I'd played the young suitor in the play version in stock, so I lighted out for Hollywood during my vacation in 1952. When I heard that Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons, and Teresa Wright were to star in the affair, in terror I almost got in a plane and came back. At any rate, I got a screen test, and the following Christmas I wangled a leave from Columbia to pursue the matter, and wound up receiving three hundred and fifty dollars a week from M-G-M. I was an utter bust in the movie, but eventually along came 'Friendly Persuasion,' and I was more or less set. Last year, I was hired as an actor in a film called 'This Angry Age,' and, by gosh, on location, in Thailand, there was really bizarre stuff—primitive rafts, endless mud, and helicopters. It might be good. After all, René Clément directed it. He used to take his hat off, throw it in the mud, and stamp on it. Till then, I'd seen that kind of thing only in comic strips. I thought it displayed admirable temperament."

We inquired of Mr. Perkins how he spent his spare time in New York and Hollywood, and he told us that in the latter area he enjoyed the friendship of young couples with children—"I love family life," he informed us—and studied piano. "I have a desire to play jazz," he said, "and I think the mathematics of jazz harmony is totally enveloping. And there's a great satisfaction in differentiating between a minor ninth and a major seventh." In New York, Mr. Perkins hasn't quite the freedom he needs to pursue his piano studies, but for the past six months he's been doing vocalizations for a record company that features rock 'n' roll. Among his efforts are "Moonlight Swim," "When School Starts Again," and "Rocket to the Moon." "What a fantastic beat that rock 'n' roll has!" he said. "I got into singing by accident, in a television drama called 'Joey.' Would you like to see our stage?"

We said yes, and followed him downstairs. Surveying the Jo Mielziner sets for "Look Homeward, Angel," Mr. Perkins observed, "Three years ago, I was in 'Tea and Sympathy' right here, and now I'm back. Isn't it wonderful?"



The Necessities

A DIPLOMAT who occasionally confides in us writes from Paris that his recent flight to that capital was delayed for fourteen minutes at Idlewild. It was one of the first-class, red-carpet flights, and as he sat looking at his watch, he wondered what was wrong. Engine trouble? Weather? Late arrival of a V.I.P.? The last seemed most likely, because the stewardess was standing alertly at the hatch. Presently, though, a large cardboard case, evidently containing something fragile, was handed to the stewardess by somebody on the outside, and she then quickly slammed the hatch shut and secured it. The plane instantly started moving toward the takeoff strip. On the way over, our friend asked the stewardess what was in the package. "Cocktail glasses," she told him cheerfully.

WILD WALES

AFTER the eruption of Mont Pelé, the volcanic dust made its way even into our English skies, and imparted such extraordinary brilliancy to the sunsets that my mother found her paintbox quite inadequate until she thought of sending to Windsor & Newton for a supply of a paint called *rose dorée. Rose dorée* did the trick. It was unlike her to be caught thus unprovided. Before our summer holiday in Wales, with mountains and hydrangeas in mind, she laid in so many tubes of cobalt, ultramarine, and cerulean that I, too young to have any geographical notions as to where we were going, knew for a certainty that Wales would be blue.

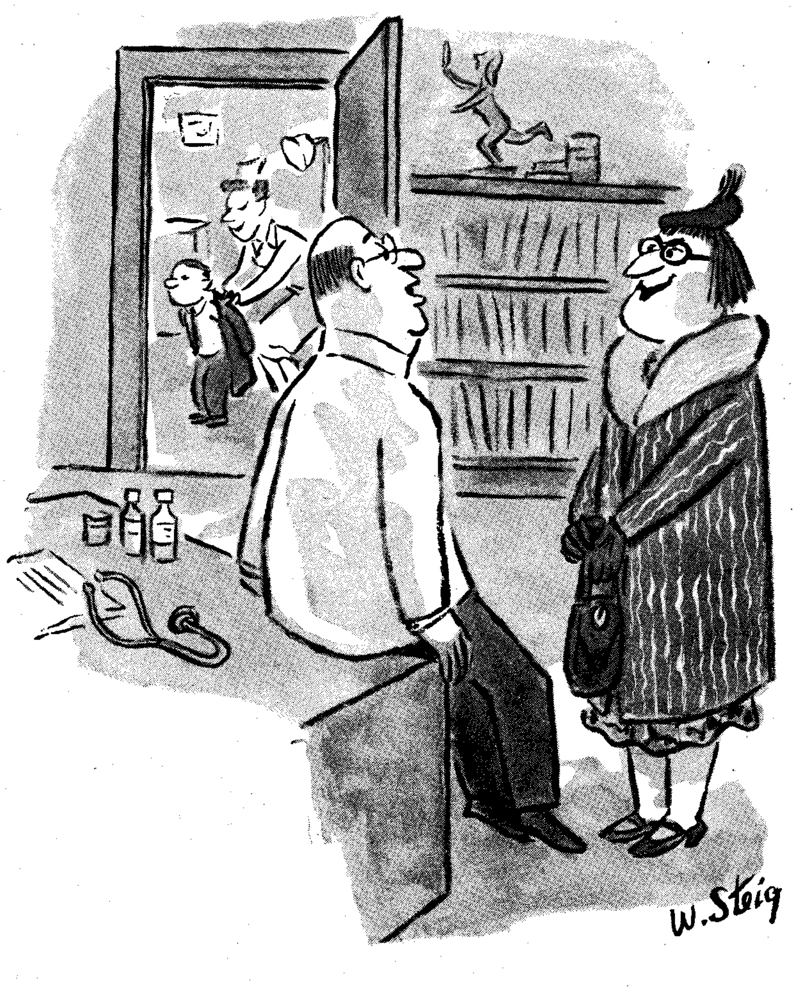
The other thing I knew beforehand was that Nannie Blount would be there—a Brown Tree in the azure scene. By no exercise of faith or fancy could Nannie Blount be assorted to any shade of blue. Even indigo was too aerial for her.

Yet if it had not been for Nannie Blount, I daresay we should not have been going to Wales. When Johnnie Blount and I were still in our perambulators (Blount was, in fact, the name of Nannie's employers, and for all I know her real surname was Bones or Gridiron), she cast a bleak eye of approval on my nannie, who was a mere Florence. As they remained friends, Johnnie and I saw a great deal of each other. This entailed friendly relations between our mothers, and eventually between our fathers, so that by the time Johnnie and I were rising seven, it was natural and convenient—Nannie Blount having no objection—that the Blounts, who had rented a holiday house in Wales, should ask us to stay with them. Mrs. Blount and my mother would do some sketching; Mr. Blount and my father would go fishing; jointly, all four would climb Cader Idris and go for bicycling excursions; and Johnnie and his little sister Amabel and his cousin Hugh, whose parents were in India, and I would play together while Nannie Blount and Florence, God willing, continued to enjoy each other's society.

Obviously, it cannot have rained every day of that visit, for days stand out in my memory—like the day we buried Amabel, like the day the cow chased the donkey—when the mountains behind us were without illusion, and the turf was crisp and dry under our bare feet, and our parents came bicycling home in the twilight with the skin peeling off their noses. But my general recollection is of a dramatic wateriness. There was a waterfall in the grounds of the house, which dashed all one's waking hours with a sense of wetness and vehemence. There were steaming morning mists, when the garden was full of rainbows, and the wasps in the fuchsia hedge were too languid to do anything but lie in wait to be injured and to repay. And there were the thunderstorms, which by some compact between the heavens and the mountains always broke over us when the wagonette had decanted us at some ideal site for painting and picnicking. (Unless, perhaps, there was some wild Welsh sorcery about the wagonette itself, which was kept in a shed behind the post office, embowered in ramparts of hydrangeas, whence it would emerge, dragged complaining from its repose, like some black Methodist Merlin.)

A wagonette, I had better explain, is a sort of genteel tumbril, massive, and vertiginously high. The occupants climb into it from the back, and sit on either side, exposed to the elements and staring into each other's doomed faces, while the driver, whose seat is even higher, turns an impersonal back on them and gives his mind to the horses. His legs are protected by a tarpaulin rug with metal-bound eyelets at each corner, through which it is hooked onto the vehicle, and a similar tarpaulin rug is laid over the laps of the passengers. This, if it rains, collects the rain in a puddle, and sometimes, by exquisite management, the puddle can be shot out over the back; otherwise, it accumulates until by some undisciplined movement it pours into somebody's lap.

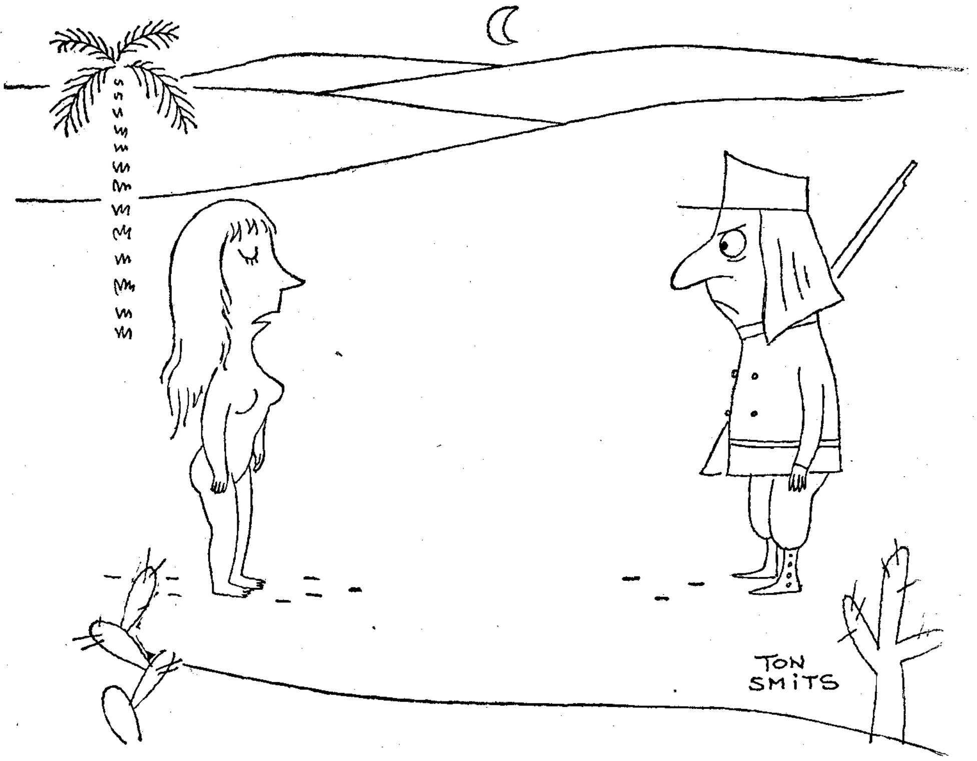
But it was never raining when we set out. Sun flashed from the various metal fixings, flies hovered round our heads, cracks in the leather seats ossified, as we moved with the smell of hot horses through the smell of hot bracken, slowly, ponderously, and uphill, seeing, over stone walls laced with brambles and tufted with ferns, small fields full of ragwort, outcrops of stone, pigs feeding and sheep reposing, solitary whitewashed farms with more hydrangeas and rich-stinking middens, berried mountain ashes, hurrying brooks, and sudden disclosures of the sea, always so much farther up the sky than one expected. The wagonette creaked, the picnic basket rattled, the distant views grew ever bluer and more spectacular, horseflies joined the other flies, and it all took a very long time. Finally, we would reach the appointed place of sacrifice. The picnic basket and the lesser Isaacs would be lifted out, and there before us, basking in sunshine, would be the ideal site for painting and pic-



"*Just give him lots and lots of love.*"

nicking, usually with a waterfall but sometimes with a lake and invariably with crags. And then the coachman would unharness the two horses and go away with them to some farm, where he would find refreshment for man and beast. The tarpaulin rugs would be spread out for the children to sit on, and white enamel mugs and plates would be unpacked from the basket, with sandwich boxes and cake tins and bottles of milk and the large white enamel teapot and the spirit lamp. For after driving for so long in such heat and through such clouds of dust, everybody would be dying of thirst. When this had been done, and the matches mislaid and found again once or twice, the spirit lamp would burn with a blue flame, and the kettle, filled from the waterfall or the lake, would be beginning to boil. But faster than kettle could boil, anvil-shaped clouds would rise behind the crags, and a low rumble would be heard, and Mrs. Blount, in the apologetic tones of the hostess, would say, "I hope that isn't a thunderstorm," and my mother, in the cheerful tones of the guest, would reply, "I expect it will pass over." And a crash of thunder would smite the lie from her lips, and the first heavy drops of rain would fall, spotting the sandwiches, and a minute later everything would be wincing under flashes of lightning and then obliterated in a gray fury of rain, and Johnnie and Amabel and Hugh and I would be huddled away under the tarpaulin rug, with Nannie Blount telling Johnnie that if he as much as peeped out, the lightning would strike him. I often peeped out, hoping to see the lightning strike Nannie Blount. By then, everyone else was huddled under the wagonette, but Nannie was always beside us, a cloaked gray unblasted monolith, devoted to duty and waiting to catch poor Johnnie.

Mountain storms are quickly over. Long before the coachman came back with the horses, we were on top of the rug again, eating moist pink jam sandwiches, while my mother, dauntless creature, might be snatching a quick impression of retreating clouds. I don't pretend that these picnics were not enjoyable, but there was a certain monotony about them, and though the storms were so quickly over, we knew that we had not heard the last of them; they would reappear that evening, when Nannie Blount would draw our attention to how narrowly we had been spared before she led us in thanksgiving for having got through another day—even if only in order to set out into the perils of darkness, during which Satan would undoubtedly prowl, and the Almighty, as like as not, come as a thief in the night.



"I have news for you. I'm a mirage."

• •

I CAN'T believe that those amiable Blounts had any idea of the religious blackmail that went on in their nursery. They rejoiced in having such a faithful, trustworthy, old-fashioned, Bible-Christian servant, and never suspected the old-fashioned fire and brimstone she was charged with. By blackmail I don't mean merely those poor starving children who would be thankful to eat our steamed blackberry pudding whenever we boggled at finishing a plateful of warm magenta crusts strewn with purple dregs, or the assurances, if we had a giggling fit, that we should soon laugh on the other side of our faces. These were moral assertions, which children, being born humanists, check by observation of the grown-up world and take with a pinch of salt. There are no such defenses against the supernatural, and it was the supernatural we were exposed to. In the morning, we had Morning Worship, to crush our spirits for the day. In the evening, we had Evening Worship, to rape our consciences before going to bed. The blinds were half drawn, the nursery cat was shut out, a cloth was hung over the canary cage. Everything possible was done to increase our sense of being meritless and unprotected. And when we were conveniently at her mercy, and Florence and the nurserymaid (there was, of course, a nurserymaid, for Nannie Blount was far too invaluable to do anything like real work) in attendance, Nannie would say, "Let us gather at the footstool," whistle up her Maker with a "Suffer the little ones to come unto Thee," and fall to work. First came readings out of various little goody books—gruesome themes wrapped in twaddling language—or anecdotes of good children who walked twenty miles to buy a Bible, developed spinal complaints, repeated hymns to drunkards, and died young, or of naughty children who climbed a tree to get an apple, told a lie, were eaten by wolves, and died young. After this we repeated a hymn ourselves, while Nannie sat licking her lips before her *aria di bravura*. This was a cross between a sermon and a scolding. In the morning, it dwelt on our fallen natures and went into the backslidings that might be expected of us during the day. In the evening, these backslidings were brought home to us and reviewed in the light of the Four Last Things—death, judgment, hell, and heaven—and a three-to-one odds against us. Then, when she judged we had been sufficiently thumped, she creaked down on her knees and laid it all before the Lord in a bloodcurdling tête-à-tête. Hugh averred that he rather liked these ceremonies. He was born in India; no doubt he had Kali and Juggernaut in his blood. Amabel was too young to express an opinion. I, when I had got over their total novelty, groaned under them, and languished for the moment when Nannie would begin to pray, for during the tête-à-tête she knelt with her back to us, and I could count her hairpins. But what Hugh or I thought of them meant nothing to her. It was on Johnnie, a delicate sickly child and the apple of her eye, that she focussed these burning-glass attentions.

Johnnie was fatally good, brave, honorable, guileless, and accident-prone. The dexterity he lavished on his accidents would have fitted out a circus. In one of our walks, I remember, we came to a place where a stream was channelled between two rims of masonry, less than a foot apart. Johnnie, with a mere pirouette, immersed himself at full length in that channel. If he went near a gooseberry bush, he disturbed a wasp nest. If he tripped, he fell headlong, and face downward, and his nose bled. When his nose bled, it was always on a clean suit—the poor child was never out of clean suits. If he spoke with his mouth full, he choked. If he ran his finger over a propped-up bicycle, it fell on him. If he caressed a cat, it kittened. And for all these things his soul was required of him by Nannie Blount, who sent him to bed, stood him in the corner, set him down to do another six rows of penitential cross-stitch, browbeat him with God, and told him he had grieved Jesus.

Yet on the day when we buried Amabel, Johnnie was the cool conscienceless villain of the piece. We were on the beach, it was blazingly hot, and after telling us all the things we mustn't do Nannie told us to play nicely with Amabel while she had a little rest. After a while, Johnnie said, "I think we'll bury Amabel now." Infant burials were not unfamiliar to us; there were dozens of them in the goody books. So under Johnnie's direction we dug a deep grave, and made a little pillow at one end of it for Amabel's head; and since we couldn't line the grave with moss, we threw in some pretty bits of seaweed. Then Amabel was helped into the grave and encouraged to lie still in it, and the sand we had dug out we shovelled in on top of her. The unskilled labor of burying Amabel's leg end was allotted to Hugh and me, while Johnnie spread out her curls on the pillow and patted sand over them. Thus weighted down at either end, Amabel became increasingly easy to bury, and though for some queer reason we all avoided burying her face, the rest of her was soon immobilized and her yells were so enfeebled that they would not have alerted a gazelle, much less Nannie Blount and Florence, who were sitting in the shade of a dune, telling horror stories, most likely—for besides the horror stories she dispensed for the nursery, Nannie Blount had a fine repertory of horrors for adult use, all of which had happened in her own experience, and these, of course, we constantly overheard. (Some I afterward identified in the Newgate Calendar, others in the works of Mrs. Henry Wood, but others again, such as the story of the fire that broke out in the lunatic asylum, had every mark of being her own.) We went on heaping sand over Amabel, and Nannie Blount might soon have had another horror story to call her own if we had not heard a whistle, looked round, and seen a man and a dog coming along the beach. The man was not a Black Man, the dog did not have blue fire coming out of its mouth, there was no sign that they had been sent to carry us away. But the sight of them suddenly smote us into common sense, and we promptly unburied Amabel, and hauled her from the grave, and shook the sand out of her clothes, and did what we could to restore her curls. She was very hot to the touch, and at first rather dazed, and then rather peevish. But she was none the worse for it. Neither, for that matter, were we. Our consciences as the noonday clear, since the man and the dog had gone past us without comment, we resumed our nice play. And though the day ended with the usual analysis of what we had done wrong in it, and the usual saddening reflections on what we might expect if we died in our sleep, I don't think any of us felt any special conviction of sin, and if we did, we certainly didn't mention it.

Many years afterward, I met a middle-aged Amabel, peaceful, wise, and great, like Swift's Dorothea, and was so shocked to think that we had nearly murdered her that I apologized for my share in the business. She did not remember it, though she dimly remembered the thunderstorms and the wasps in the fuchsia hedge. Then we talked about Johnnie, who was killed in 1917. Children driven good are apt to be driven mad. It was that approach to mass madness which still makes me feel slightly sick when I remember the day we buried Amabel. But the day when the cow chased the donkey is a memory of unspotted bliss.

A belt of salt meadow lay between us and the seashore. It extended so far on either hand, with here and there a tumbled stone wall, and the wandering idle course of the little river that ran so vehemently through our garden, and herds of small black cattle feeding, that even to traverse it seemed a long adventure. Hugh, our elder, could walk the distance easily enough, Amabel was jolted across it in a gocart, but Johnnie and I were inclined to lag behind and be a nuisance, and, our nurses complaining of this, someone had the idea of hiring a donkey in the village that was accustomed to be harnessed with panniers and used for bringing up loads of seaweed. It knew the way to the beach as if it had been born there, the owner said, and was so good-hearted that you could guide it with a rush. All this, oddly enough, proved true. Johnnie and I, strapped into our panniers, bobbed along, conversing across the donkey's steep back, and the donkey's good-heartedness was such that even though Nannie Blount persisted in walking beside it, goading it with her white cotton umbrella, it showed no resentment and paid no attention.

Why, on that particular day, that

alphonse normandia

particular black cow should have felt that particular animus is not the sort of thing one can explain—though when my mother heard about it afterward (for on that particular day our parents were away bicycling, or climbing Cader Idris, perhaps, for they did eventually climb it), she assured me that the poor cow had lost its calf and was therefore not responsible for its actions. Anyhow, the cow suddenly detached itself from its friends, burst into our little cavalcade, and began to chafe its horns against my pannier. The donkey very sensibly broke into a trot, the cow uttered some morose lows, and there the matter would probably have ended if Nannie Blount had not felt she must dominate the brute creation and so aimed a whack at the cow. The cow made a sally at her, changed its mind, and ran after the donkey. The donkey continued to trot, the cow lumbered beside it, and Nannie followed in pursuit, grim as Nemesis, and whacking everything within range, as I have observed implacable Nemesis often does herself. At last, smiting with all her force, she broke the white cotton umbrella across the donkey's rump. Goodhearted, mild, and courteous as that donkey may have been, it was a Welsh donkey; it could not stomach injustice. It put back its ears and started to gallop. The cow, too, however weighed on by maternal grief, was a Welsh cow, neither to be bested by a donkey nor deterred by a broken umbrella, and the cow's friends, Welsh to a cow, were not going to stand ingloriously by. They joined in the pursuit. Then the first cow—by now, so to speak, our own cow—turned back and by a dexterous cutting-out movement isolated Nannie, and deflected her course. She ran, but she did not run alone. Leaning out of our panniers, we saw with amazement, with stupor, with inexpressible rapture and delight, Nannie in full flight, and all the cows chasing after her. We had never imagined that the righteous judge, the harbinger of the last and dreadful day, the searcher into all hearts, and the vicaress of God could run so fast.

Meanwhile the donkey galloped on seaward, and I could not but remember an anecdote (against willfulness) in one of the goody books, about a lady in a donkey chaise whose donkey would not draw her over the sands because it was alarmed by the sight of the waves, whereon the lady got out, tied her shawl over its head, got into the chaise again, and whipped up the donkey, who incontinently rushed into the sea, where they both drowned. A like fate seemed imminent for us; but if in our last moments we could still watch the spectacle of the cows chasing Nannie, and Florence and the nurserymaid chasing the cows, as they were now doing, it would be worth it. And as I have never seen the windy plains of Troy, I see them in my mind's eye looking exactly like that expanse of green salt meadows, so flat and timeless and self-sufficient, over which scurried those distant figures, and whence the offshore breeze carried to us the sound of thundering hoofs and the wailing cries of women. However, when our donkey got among the sand hills, it stopped. By that time, all was over, for we had seen Nannie, apparently hoisted on horns, scrambling over a stone wall, and the cows, whose joy was in the chase, quietly dispersing, and Florence and the nurserymaid climbing the wall unassisted, and Hugh, wheeling Amabel in the gocart, coming to join us and whistling as he came.

This, I am glad to say, was not all. For it turned out that we were not the only persons to see Nannie in flight. She had been watched from the village, too. Civil inquiries, expressions of sympathy, congratulations on her speed, and even on her legs, greeted her return; but the general sense was pretty plain, and found expression in "Run away from the cows? Dear, dear! Ra-ther sil-ly."

WHEN our visit ended, Florence went off for her fortnight's holiday, and the wagonette—but this time without a thunderstorm, since no picnic was involved—took us to a farm farther along the coast, where a Mrs. Jones let lodgings. My parents had found it for themselves, while exploring on their bicycles, and had been much taken with it, and even more taken with Mrs. Jones—rightly, for she was a dear old woman, hale and light-footed, the soul of kindness, and the body of kindness, too. Musing on the discrepancy between Mrs. Jones and Nannie Blount, and on what could be accountable for it, I said to my mother, "Are all Christians cross?" My mother, who thought that small children should be given honest answers, replied, "No. Not all of them." I took her word for it, and dived back into my native paradise of being a solitary and unprayed-over child. My days began with picking mushrooms for breakfast, mushrooms so newly out of the turf that shreds of dry moss and dewy blades of grass still adhered to them. I watched the cows milked and the pigs fed. I wound rushes into bracelets and plaited them into hatbands, and tried—and sometimes succeeded for as much as a couple of inches—to peel the green hide off the white pith, having learned about rushlights from Mrs. Jones, who still used them. I followed dragonflies along the ditches, and hunted for four-leaf clovers, and laid out gardens of pebbles and flower heads, and combed a deserted rubbish heap for bits of broken pottery and colored glass, and horseshoes, and old medicine bottles Veniced by age and weather, and inestimable kettles and frying pans with only quite small holes in them. When I was tired of playing out-of-doors I went to visit Mrs. Jones in her kitchen, where there was always something interesting going on—damsons being made into jam, bullace cheeses being put away on the top shelf of the pantry, mushrooms being pickled, knives sharpened, butter churned, beans sliced, raisins stoned, the clock being wound or the dresser beeswaxed. The oak dresser was black with age and took up the whole of one wall, and the ceiling was oak-panelled, too, but the room seemed rich, rather than dark, for it was full of things that were bright in themselves, like the lustre jugs and the japanned trays, or that were polished to brightness. Photo-

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REFUNDS and EXCHANGES

graphs of Mrs. Jones' relations and of school treats and choir outings, all with cheerful stories attached, hung in patterns on the walls; there were two tabby cats and a collie and a harmonium and patchwork cushions and jelly molds and ornamental canisters; and an iron chain with a hook hung down the chimney. And with all this richness and variety went the richness and variety of the smells: the smell of beeswax, of new bread, of smoked bacon, of apples, and cloves, and vinegar, and the geraniums in the window and the water peppermint that kept flies away, and of Indian tea and blackberries—blackberries not miserably stewed but baked in the oven with all their dark velvety fragrance preserved to them. Mrs. Jones was an oven cook, and part of the pleasure of her kitchen was the thought of all the different things cooking behind the massive black-leaded door with a rose embossed on it, and the delicious anticipation of when she would open that door to take something out and put something else in.

It was disconcerting when, in the midst of all my bliss and freedom and security, and with so much still to enjoy—for we had only been there a little over a week—I found I could not enjoy anything because my legs felt so unreal and my head so heavy and my throat so sore. I was put to bed, and almost at once the bed began to change its dimensions and to wander about the room, while its brass knobs grew larger and larger, and then grew small again, and far away. In the morning, I was told that my father had gone to fetch a doctor and a pineapple. As I understood it, there was going to be a dinner party; not till Mrs. Jones prescribed it had my parents known the efficacy of pineapple for an inflamed throat.

My poor father bicycled for twelve miles to the nearest doctor, a bottle-nosed veteran with a stately port. When he heard where we were staying, he said "H'mph!" When he heard my symptoms, he said "Ha!" Growling to himself, he disappeared into a filthy cupboard, where he could be heard taking down bottles and shaking up medicines. Reappearing, he said, "And what on earth possessed you to take a child to that pesthouse? It's notorious; everyone knows about it."

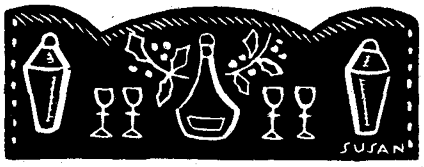
"Nobody told us."

"I should hope not. Do you expect decent people to take the bread out of a widow's mouth? You should have asked me!" he exclaimed.

Having thoroughly rolled on his Englishman, he said briskly that the dogcart would be ready in five minutes and that my father had better ride with him. He drove furiously, and enlivened the journey with stories of legendary local cesspits.

I remember nothing of that first visit, when he qualified my sore throat by the eighteenth-century term of putrid, won my mother's heart by his good manners and then told her she must have that tooth out, and descended to sit in Mrs. Jones' kitchen, where he smoked a cigar and drank several cups of tea. It was later that he won my heart, telling me that I gargled like a lion. He won my heart, and I have been given to understand that he saved my life, but all I can remember of him is that one remark and the cheerful tramp of his boots as he approached the house. The only distinct and unequivocal recollection I retain from that illness is of a sunset I saw from my window. There was a mackerel sky, with innumerable small clouds, close-packed as pebbles on a beach, and a flaming scarlet light gradually extended through them, till the whole western sky up to the zenith seemed to be on fire, interminably brightening and never consumed, while over this formal splendor the vapors left by an equinoctial storm hurried, cringing and distraught. If I had been more susceptible, if Nannie Blount had had her will of me, I should have watched this hell-fire sunset with different eyes. As it was, I saw it as being exactly like the pain in my throat.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner



THE TOTAL CALM

We had, at midnight, flicked the outside light
and watched the first thin spit of snow, a flurried
swirl, as if off some cold edge of heaven
blown with such high force that—where we looked
to see our still bare driveway through the glass,
through floodlit gusts—it seemed the house was driven.

Then, in a softened wind, we saw the flat
flakes hang, drift up, and spin, until we heard
a squall hiss through the oak's stiff leaves, and guessed
that it had settled down to snow. House locked,
we looked out at the last thin spears of grass
bent through the storm whose forecast we had missed.

Before we banked the fire, the lights went out
the way the stars had gone at dusk. With power
lost, we slept downstairs and, waking cold
beside cold ashes, wondered how we'd weathered
sleep to this faint dawn and yet not heard
some rusted town plow buck the drifted world.

Mute as birds, we faced a flat gray light;
the snow built up against our plate-glass door
like glacial strata, white on white, as if
some soft slow-motion avalanche had gathered
weight behind it, while we slept, and had
at last been loosened from an unknown cliff.

Into the solstice, then, we woke toward silence,
and listening out in hope some winter bird
might sing, we climbed up-attic where the stretch
of snow—a nowhere left to tunnel to, impassable
tough mounds that might be trees, the earth at zero—
lay blanked as far as our two minds could reach.

It might have, at this year's uneasy balance,
melted out and been the other flood;
yet this ungodly cold, these depths that whelm us,
are let down from altitudes impossible
to judge, as if from emptied realms where snow,
unmelting snow, is all that's left to calm us.

—Philip Booth

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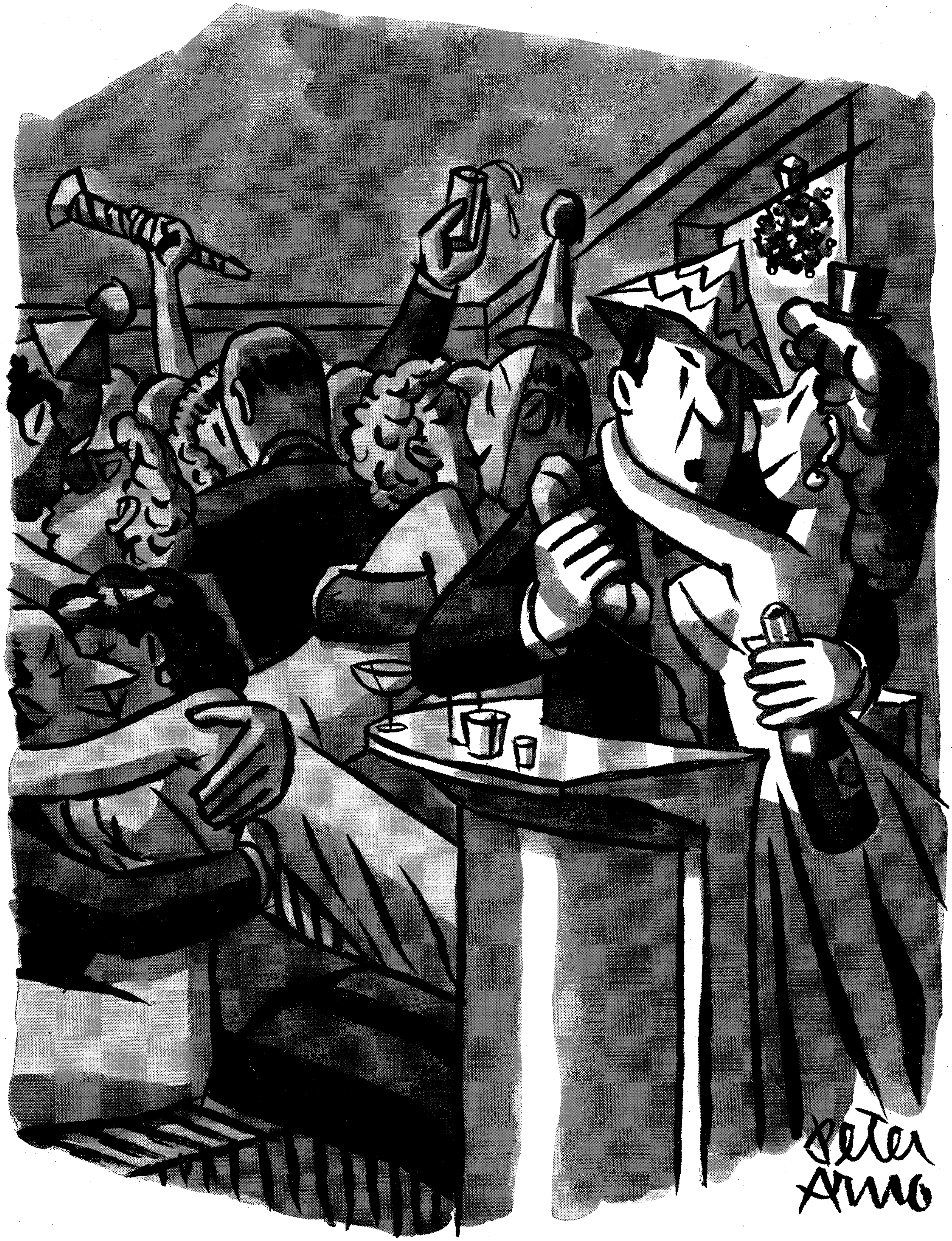


"Some lunatic wants to know what program we're watching."

BEFORE THE WEDDING

ALTHOUGH preparations had been going on for weeks, what convinced Maya that her parents were really serious about her wedding was the arrival of Uncle Mohan Lal from Allahabad. He came early one morning, marched straight into the drawing room, pointed to the biggest armchair, and asked to have it drawn into the middle of the room. Placing his umbrella, his turban, and his slippers beside the chair, he sat down in it with his legs tucked under him. After that, the two jewellers who were to make Maya's wedding jewelry were led into the room, and, sitting on a white sheet spread on the carpet in front of him, they began their work.

Uncle Mohan Lal remained in the drawing room, in just that position, for most of the next three weeks. Many times a day, tumblers of sweet, milky tea and platefuls of freshly fried fritters were brought in to him, and occasionally he would ask for hot coals for his hookah. But all the while his attention never wavered from the two jewellers. That was what he was there for—to watch them and make sure that they did not misappropriate any of the precious stones given to them for their work. A dishonest jeweller would have had little chance against Uncle Mohan Lal, for watching jewellers might have been said to be his profession. He spent a great deal of his time in the drawing rooms of families with whom he was distantly connected, supervising the making of their wedding jewelry. He enjoyed a position of high respect, which he carried with some dignity; he was not unaware of his own importance.

Maya knew that Uncle Mohan Lal didn't like people to come into the drawing room to watch, but today she persuaded herself to brave his displeasure and the disapproving noises he would make at her in drinking his tea. Walking in softly, she took up a position directly behind the jewellers. They were setting diamonds into a necklace, and her fingers began to play around her throat as she imagined how she would arrange the finished necklace there. On the sheet beside the jewellers were the matching earrings, nestled in cotton wool—long pendant earrings, golden and set with diamonds, incredibly beautiful. Reverently, she picked one up and pushed it into her ear lobe. But before she could even turn to the mirror Uncle Mohan Lal said, in an authoritative voice, "Run away, girl. Don't come here to disturb the work." Regretfully, she replaced the earring in the cotton wool and left the room.

Outside, she muttered indignantly, "It is *my* wedding." Nobody was acting as if it were. In the dining room, her mother and aunts were choosing materials for her wedding wardrobe. Yesterday her mother had asked, quite absent-mindedly, "You like this, Maya?"—holding out a heavy purple sari of Bangalore silk with a vast golden border.

"I like this one better," Maya had replied, fingering a very light Mysore silk of pale, pale blue.

"You don't know what is right for you to like," her mother had said casually, passing on to another pile of saris.

She had not even noticed the look of annoyance on Maya's face. But one of the aunts, who had been watching her, said, "You are a silly girl. Flimsy saris are only for everyday occasions. For weddings, you must have heavy ones." When Maya left the room, the others had not even glanced up, they were so busy exclaiming over a hideous museum piece of golden-threaded silk, which Maya promised herself she would never let herself be seen in, wedding or no wedding.

It was strange, she thought, but really she had had a better time before her sister Didi's wedding than now, before her own. Then everything had been most marvellously exciting. But now she was piqued, because she should be at the center of it all and they wouldn't let her be. She was even annoyed with her little brother, Munna, for enjoying himself so much. He skipped excitedly from one room to another, and when they pushed him out of the way, he didn't mind at all but skipped off to watch somewhere else. How silly he was, just a child. She was eighteen, an important person—the bride-to-be.

So, to console herself, she went upstairs to her parents' room and telephoned her closest friend. "Oh, Nita," she said as soon as she heard the answering voice, "you don't know what a rush everything is."

Nita, whose marriage had not yet been arranged—indeed, she had not even been betrothed—said in a sensible, adult way, "Of course. It always is on these occasions."

"It's very exciting," Maya went on, speaking more slowly this time. "They are setting a most marvellous diamond necklace."

"Diamonds? How nice. Of course, you know what a weakness I have for pearls."

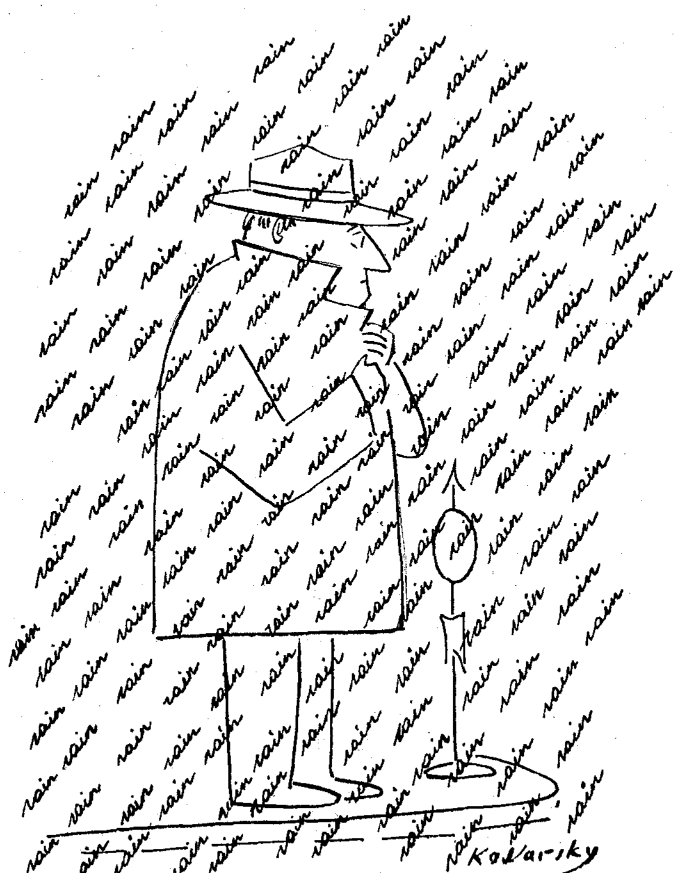
"There are some pearls also. Oh, Nita, I wish you could be here!" This wasn't true at all; she wouldn't care to have Nita see what an unimportant role she was playing in her own wedding preparations. "A lady is coming from Bombay specially to do my hair. She will do it in the style of the Maurya period."

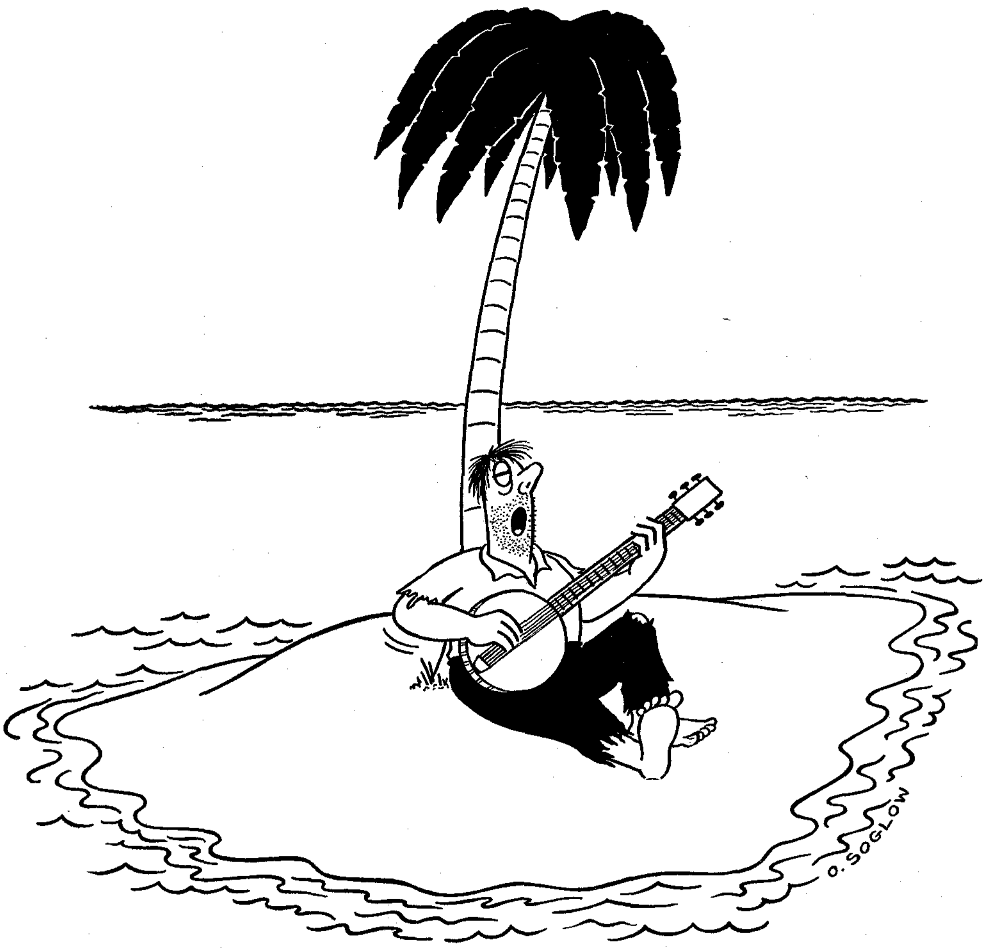
"Maurya? But it couldn't possibly be Maurya."

"Perhaps I mean Gupta," Maya said. "I'm so confused. So much is happening. Nita, I *do* wish you could come and talk to me."

"Out of the question, my dear. I have all my lecture notes to write up, you know."

"You are such a scholar," Maya said handsomely. She could afford to say this, since she knew Nita went to graduate class only because her parents had not yet found anyone for her to marry.





*"The music goes 'round and around
Whoa-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho and it comes out here."*

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"Well, I have to run," Nita said.

"Then I won't be seeing you before the wedding? But you *are* coming?"

"Of course."

After this unsatisfactory conversation, Maya walked downstairs and was delighted to see her sister Didi just coming in by the front veranda. Didi was touching up her hair at the back with one hand, rather casually. She looked very elegant.

"Didi, how glad I am you've come!" Maya said as she went to meet her. "Everything is in such confusion and everyone is so busy and cross!"

Didi only laughed. "Of course. What else did you expect at a time like this?"

Maya had hoped for something more satisfactory from *her*. "And Munna is being so silly."

"Oh, Munna. Where is Mama?"

Maya led Didi to the dining room—triumphantly, for she was sure Didi would support her taste against that of their mother and aunts.

"No," Didi said as soon as she began to examine the selected saris. "This purple one is quite impossible."

"Then what do you think?" her mother asked, frowning and scratching her hair.

Maya was pleased, but at the same time a little resentful because Didi's opinion was so deferentially listened to. Thinking it might be wise to assert herself a little, she said, "I still like the pale-blue one best."

"Don't be silly," Didi said, digging busily into the pile of materials. After a while, she cried "Just look at this one!" and drew out a glowing orange silk.

"You like it?" Mama asked, and began to finger it. The aunts also fingered it, and said, "Very nice."

"It's exactly right," said Didi with authority. "We must have a big golden border on it."

"But I can't wear orange!" Maya cried. "It doesn't suit me at all."

Didi transferred the orange sari to the pile of accepted saris and turned her attention to the blouse pieces.

"And I hate big borders," Maya said desperately.

"Darling, just leave everything to us," Didi said.

"Maya," her mother said, "why must you get in the way so?"

MAYA went upstairs to her room and lay down on the bed. She particularly resented Didi's attitude; after all, Didi was only three years older than she and had been married hardly two years. Yet she was acting in such a knowledgeable and superior way. Before Didi's own wedding, it had been very different. Then she had looked on Maya as her closest confidante. She had lain here on Maya's bed with tears rolling down her face, turning her head from side to side in anguish. "What is the use of it all?" she had demanded. "They are preparing for my funeral. Marriage will be a living death to me." Maya had been very impressed. "Oh, Raj, Raj," Didi had moaned. Raj was the boy she had fallen in love with at college. When his parents married him to another girl, Didi had been heartbroken and had allowed her parents to arrange her marriage with anyone they chose. "It is all the same now," she had said tragically. "All a living death." Yet it had not turned out to be a living death at all.

Maya thought it was time she, too, had tragic thoughts. But thoughts of that nature were difficult without a confidante, and she had none. Nita had been thoroughly unsympathetic; her married friends were all busy with their new husbands and their new social life, and besides they had all become superior, even patronizing, like Didi. Marriage seemed to make everyone like that. The only exception she knew was a girl who had had an unhappy marriage and had been separated from her husband after only eight months. But it would be no use to confide in her; she would only talk about herself and her husband, who drank.

And really, Maya thought, she had nothing very important to confide. She had never been in love with anyone except her English teacher at college, and she had forgotten him months ago. She did not even have any objections to the boy she was to marry. On the contrary, she thought him rather nice. She had seen him first about three months earlier, when his uncle brought him to tea. When her father called her into the drawing room that day, she had been very shy and embarrassed. But everyone had been nice, the uncle had told some very funny anecdotes, and there had been chocolate cake for tea. She and the boy had had a few words together; he had told her that he often went hunting and had already shot a tiger and a bison. A few weeks afterward, her parents had taken her to his house, which was exactly like her own—large, with lots of carpets, ivory

FAN-PIECE

The bird sits on the cherry bough,
Spring's blushing lather pink upon
Black arms with little green to show;

Though later, when the suds are pricked
And all the salmon bubbles flown,
Green fingers sprout, involved and thick,

In screens and parasols and fans
Against the wind and rain and sun;
But not against the gatherers' hands

To which the redcoat trophies fall,
Surprised out of their garrison
To hear the August bugles call

From every hayshock-dotted shire.
But still the tree stands guardian
Till winter from the wildcock spire

Blows deathwatch and unmustering north:
Roofs hollow with their keepings gone
Will not stay long; soon back and forth

The keen whips of the branches rave
That naked air must moan and shun
And cry about the summer's grave,

One leaf, one leaf being left to cling
Upon the stammering branch alone,
And that is black and withering

That on the last night of the year
Falls, and upon the tide is spun
Into everywhere, out of here.

And all is dead, and there will be
No spring, and by the year's I mean
Time's end and sheer eternity.

And still the reckless bird sings on.

—HILARY CORKE

• •

elephants, and servants in white uniforms. His parents were more or less like hers: his mother short and stout, and with a sharp eye on the servants; his father, who was a Supreme Court judge (her father was a Minister in the government), important, good-humored, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles.

Two days after this visit, her father had called her into his study and asked her very seriously if she had any objection to the marriage. "I want to do nothing against your wishes," he had said. He was always like that—scrupulous and considerate. She had thought for a while, and then answered no, she did not think she had any objection. "You can see the boy again, if you like," he had offered. "We could arrange to have you see a cinema show together."

Since she always liked the cinema, she had agreed to this, but in the end nothing had come of it, because the boy had had to go to Allahabad to finish his law examination. Now she would not see him again until the marriage ceremony. She would be led in, her head and face covered, to sit beside him in front of the sacred fire and listen to the pandit chant religious verses.

Munna came into her room suddenly. "Why are you here?" he asked.

"Go away. I am thinking."

"You know how many cases of Coca-Cola they have ordered?"

"Go *away*."

"Two hundred. You know how many bottles of Coca-Cola that is?" He shuffled the pack of cards he always carried on the off chance that someone would play flush with him. "Four thousand eight hundred. Four thousand eight hundred bottles of Coca-Cola." His eyes gleamed with excitement.

"This is a terrible time for me," Maya said. She really did feel a great longing to talk to someone. She rolled her head from side to side on the pillow, the way she remembered Didi had done, and tried to look anguished. "You do not know what thoughts are going on in my head."

"You have a pain?" he inquired, not without sympathy; he had always been a good-hearted boy.

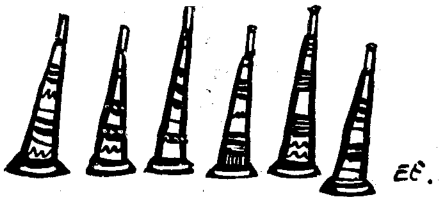
"Oh, Munna, a new life is starting for me. What will it bring?"

"Perhaps you would care for a game of flush?" he asked—casually, so as not to appear too eager.

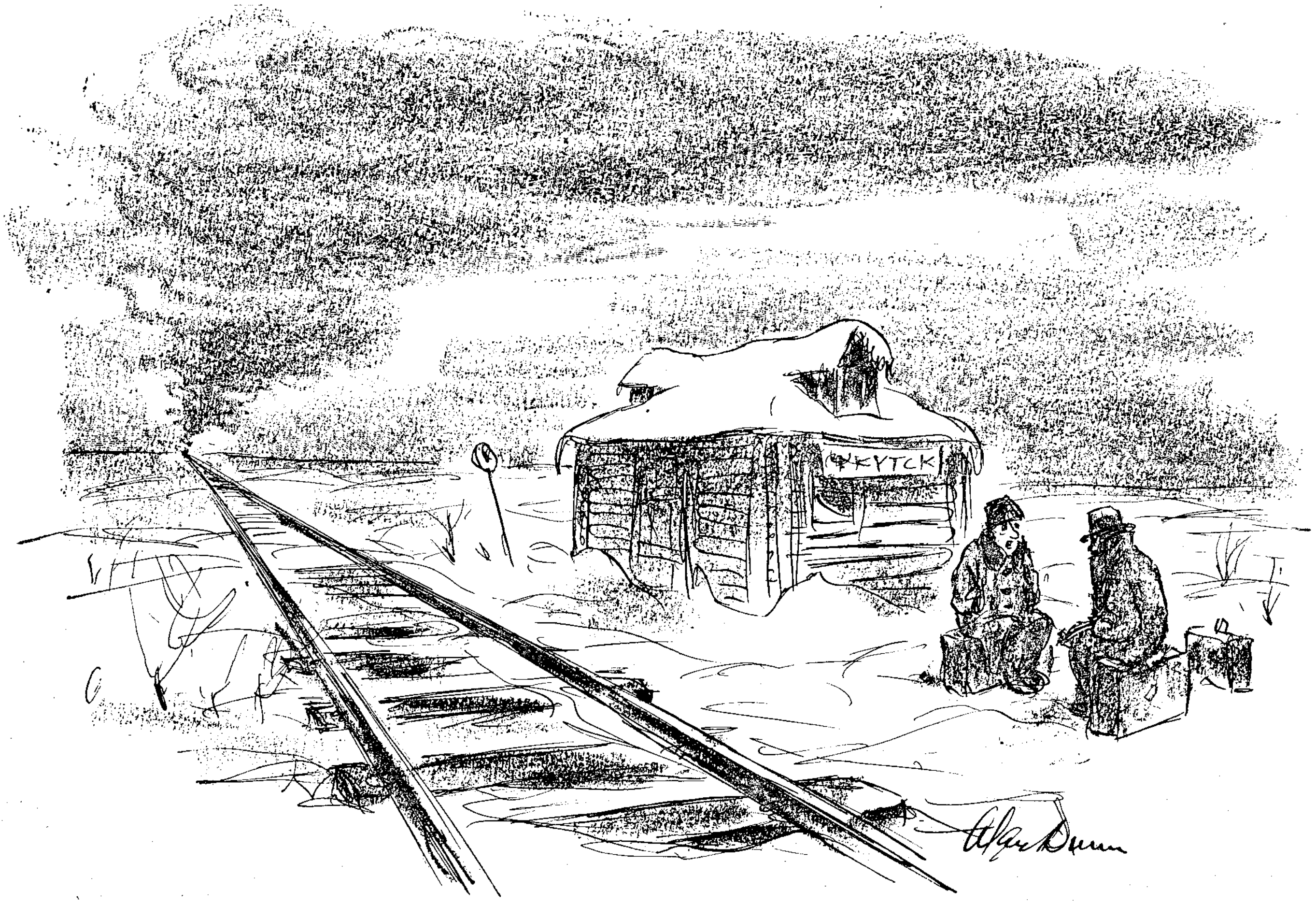
"You had much better go away," she said, and wearily shut her eyes.

But after he was gone, she felt quite bored. Perhaps she should have played cards with him after all. She got up and went downstairs to find him. And there, standing in the entrance hall, was Subramanyam, her father's Personal Assistant. He held his briefcase tightly under his arm and told her, "The Minister will not be home for lunch today. Some American technologists are coming to see him." She felt sorry for her father, who so hated missing his lunchtime at home and the nap in his study afterward.

"Shall I tell them to give you some tea?" she asked Subramanyam, and then remembered he was a South Indian and would probably prefer coffee. But it appeared he was too busy to want anything; there were the technicians coming to see the Minister, and the Indonesian Trade Commissioner had made an appointment for the afternoon. Oh, they were very busy men, he and the Minister. Maya listened to this for a while, then said, "Of course, you are coming to my wedding?" Subramanyam looked down in embarrassment and simpered, "Oh, thank you. Thank you very much."



She noticed for the first time that he was quite good-looking. Why had she not noticed this before? It would have been so romantic to fall in love with her father's Personal Assistant. And certainly her position now would have been much more satisfactory. She could have lain on the bed and moaned, "Oh, Subramanyam, Subramanyam." But it had never occurred to her to fall in love with him. Perhaps that was because he was a South Indian Brahman; she would not care to marry a South Indian Brahman.



"One thing you've got to hand to Nikita. When he's through with a person, he's through!"

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His family, she was sure, were terribly orthodox and would never sit down to eat with her, a non-Brahman. And all they would ever eat would be rice—morning, noon, and night—with that horrible gravy. They would be squatting on the floor in cotton saris and dhotis and digging their hands into their bowls so that the gravy would run out between their fingers. She remembered with some satisfaction her future mother-in-law pouring tea in the drawing room and saying, "Won't you have another slice of cake?"

THE three sweetmeat-makers, who were to start work next morning, had brought their vats and pestles into the courtyard, and they and the servants were gathered about Maya's grandmother. She was telling them of all the different kinds of sweetmeats that had been made at her wedding, sixty years ago. The sweetmeat-makers, standing at a respectful distance from the bed on which she was sitting, countered by telling her about the sweetmeats they had made at weddings in other families. It was an animated conversation that everybody seemed to be enjoying very much, including the servants, who from time to time would make some contribution of their own. Munna sat at Grandmother's feet, his eyes, as he listened, huge in wonder, and his hands mechanically shuffling his cards. Grandmother was not at all like other people's grandmothers, who sat in the courtyard all day and gossiped with the servants; she always wore beautiful silk saris, and her fingers were covered with rings. The only thing about her that was not elegant was her complete lack of teeth. She had a set of false teeth, but they were not comfortable, so she kept them in a drawer, wearing them only when there were special visitors.

Maya waited until the sweetmeat-makers had gone and the servants were beginning to disperse, and then she said, "Dadiji, what is it like to be married?" For who was there more suitable for this kind of conversation than a girl's own grandmother?

Grandmother immediately reacted in the right way—assuming a very serious expression and swaying her head from side to side. "Ah, to be married . . ."

"Is it very different?"

"You see, child," Grandmother said, "in Life there are four stages." As soon as Grandmother said "Life" in that way, Maya's heart sank. But the servants, sensing the beginning of the kind of conversation they loved, crowded around again; the cook brought the dish in which he was stirring eggs, and continued stirring. "First, there is childhood, carefree and gay," said Grandmother.

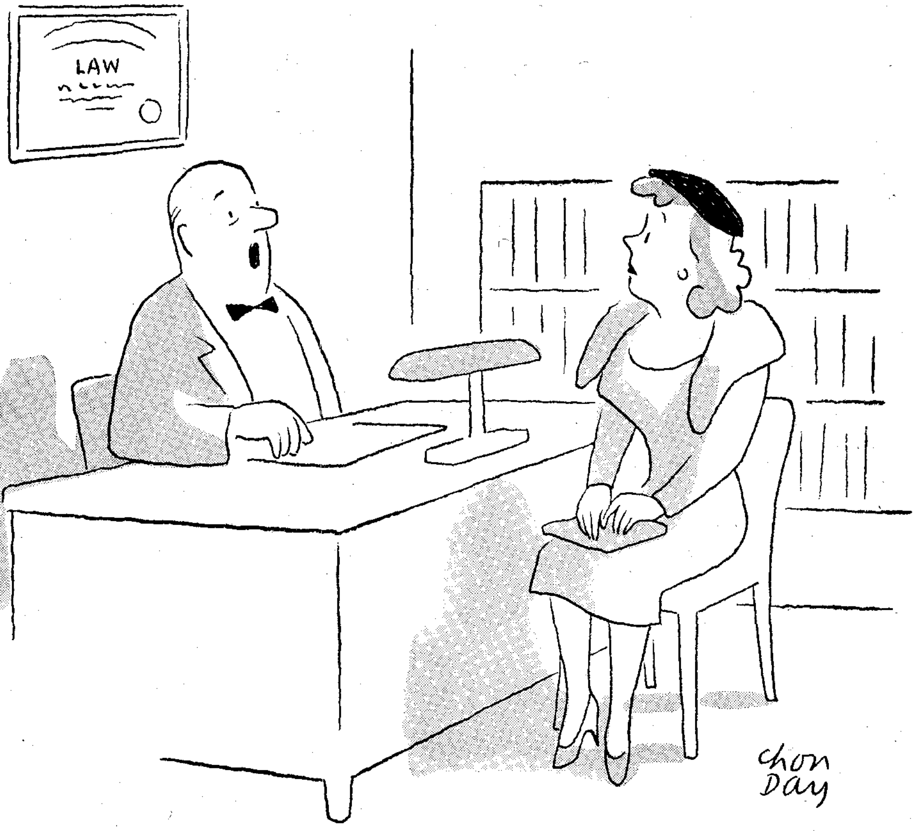
The servants nodded, and the cook said, "What could be more free from care and anxiety than the life of a child?"

"In childhood, the heart is like a bird," Grandmother said, and they all nodded again while the cook explained, "It sings with joy like a bird, and is free like the bird also." The ayah brought a cup of tea for Grandmother. Maya knew that it would take Grandmother at least an hour to get through the four stages of Life. Soon she would be telling fables from the Panchatantra for illustration, and the cook would bring in apposite quotations from the Gita.

"The bird and the heart of the child are both near to God," Grandmother said.

Maya murmured, "Mama is calling me," and started into the house.

Only Munna noticed her departure. "Now I am playing solo," he called after her, which was his way



“I sympathize with you, Madam, but under the existing statutes of the State of New York you can’t get a divorce on the ground that your husband is a lemon.”

• •

of again inviting her to a game of flush.

When Maya reëntered the house, she heard voices in her father’s office. It was her mother arguing with the Caterer. He was a big, fat man, and wore a thin shirt through which his undervest and the folds of his stomach could be clearly seen. Every day he came and every day Mama shouted at him. They were trying to decide on the food to be served the wedding guests. Mama would agree with the Caterer’s suggestions one day, but by the next she would have changed her mind. The Caterer would listen patiently to Mama’s new suggestions, saying “Very good—*shami kebabs*, excellent,” and then he would make his own suggestions, which were quite different from hers, and most of which she finally accepted, though at the same time shouting at him that it was a pity he did not know his job after so many years in the catering business.

Maya entered the office just as Mama and the Caterer were coming to a temporary agreement, though Mama still looked very doubtful. “Cheese and pea curry,” the Caterer rolled richly from his tongue. “Oven-baked chicken, roasted fish, *seekh kebab*, fried rice.” Maya remembered all the wedding feasts she had attended: the multitude of tiny electric lights lacing the front of the house in an elaborate pattern; the red-and-orange striped marquee; the rows of long tables at which the guests sat side by side under colored streamers and banana plants and Chinese lanterns; the bearers passing around with loaded dishes, heaping the huge plantain leaves used for plates with mounds of spicy, steaming food. But at her own wedding she would be sitting in a little room by herself, dressed in her crimson wedding sari; each of the lady guests would come to talk to her for a few minutes, but all the time they would be straining to be away to where the food was, and the laughter, and the band. She might faintly hear the laughter and the band, but she would not be able to as much as smell the food. Really, one’s own wedding was the dullest of all.

LATER, when Mama told Didi what she had arranged with the Caterer, Didi clicked her tongue and said, “No, really, Mama!”

“Not good?” Mama asked, anxiously looking up into Didi’s face.

“Oh dear.” Didi sighed, and sank into a chair.

“But they are the traditional dishes for weddings,” Mama said.

Didi bridled at once. “That is the trouble! Tradition, tradition, tradition—that is all one hears in this country! Nobody ever realizes that the world is progressing!” Maya listened with shining eyes. “This is the twentieth century,” Didi continued heatedly, “but to listen to all of you nobody would ever think it!”

Mama said, quite humbly, “We are still the older generation; it is different for you young people.”

Oh, yes, Maya thought with joy, it is very different for young people. But when she thought “young people,” she did not think of herself—only of Didi and other young married women like her. They led marvellous lives. So modern, so very fashionable. They lived in small flats done up in bright colors, with wrought-iron furniture, hand-loomed textiles, and enormous Naga hats for lampshades. They wore their hair cut short, and their saris were printed over in bold, bright designs. They laughed a lot and called one another “darling” and went to cocktail parties and the Army Horse Show. Photographs of them enjoying themselves at parties—hugely smiling, with eyes shut against the flash bulbs—appeared in the weekly social magazines.

Maya thought, I shall be married soon, and then I shall be one of them. She realized that all the things that had been making her feel so dissatisfied did not matter at all, because soon everything would be very different. Soon she would be as smart and modern as Didi—and then Mama and all of them would listen deferentially to her opinion. She thought of Uncle Mohan Lal in the drawing room—how self-important he was, bubbling at his hookah, drinking his tea with a loud sucking noise. But all he was doing was to insure that the jewelry being made for *her* should be quite perfect—the diamond necklace and matching earrings, the string of pearls, the opal ring, the long earrings set with nine different stones, the golden bangles. He sat there so that she should be able to shine and be beautiful in these things. So then she wanted only that the wedding be finished quickly, the old life be over and done with; she wanted to be married, and have jewelry and a husband and a flat and a telephone of her own, and so live happy and grown-up forever.

—R. PRAWER JHABVALA

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Here, you’re just one mile from historic Concord Center with its quaint shops and supermarkets.—*Boston Herald.*

What’s today’s quaint special, by the bye?

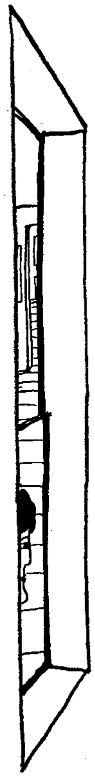
A REPORTER AT LARGE

NATO JOURNAL

WASHINGTON,
FRIDAY, DECEMBER 13

PAUL-HENRI SPAAK, the Secretary-General of NATO, along with the rest of the NATO bureaucracy, has been talking up the Paris conference as a "summit meeting" and as "the greatest diplomatic gathering since the Congress of Vienna." Both descriptions seem to reflect a rather parochial outlook. Is a "summit meeting" possible without a Russian or two? And if the Prime Minister of Iceland dwells on this crowded eminence, then we shall be missing Colonel Nasser and Shukri al-Kuwatly. At best, this will be a meeting on the Western slope of the summit. As for the comparison with the Congress of Vienna, it overlooks even such recent events as the San Francisco Conference, of 1945, and the important affair held in Bandung, Indonesia, a couple of years ago. Neither of these, of course, had quite the cotillion spirit of the Congress of Vienna, and there is no doubt that the French could, if the spirit moved them, put on a show that might compare favorably in terms of music, wine, décor, and general chic with Vienna in 1815. But the French are said to be in no mood to have a ball in December, 1957. Moreover, a peace was made in Vienna, and none will be made in Paris. The whole point of this meeting is to keep the Cold War going. The NATO powers are afflicted by what it has become fashionable to call a "crisis of confidence." In other words, they don't trust each other. Hardly anyone, except possibly the British, trusts us. As a group, the powers on the mainland of Europe distrust the offshore, Anglo-Saxon powers—England, Canada, and this country—which they suspect of forming a condominium to rule Western Europe. Beyond that, the small powers, as a group, profoundly distrust the large ones, and vice versa; the British distrust the French, the Dutch distrust the British, the Danes and Norwegians distrust the West Germans, the Greeks distrust the Turks, the British distrust the Greeks, and so on. To be sure, sovereign nations never really "trust" other sovereign nations, but distrust today is so rampant that it threatens the alliance. Secretary Dulles, professing to be an optimist, has said he has high hopes that the meeting will "revitalize the sense of need" for NATO. An alliance has quite a problem on its hands when its members aren't sure it is needed.

On the morning of our delegation's departure, it is almost impossible to find anyone, apart from the President, who thinks that much of the recent damage to NATO can be repaired by this conference. Mr. Dulles's job is to speak for Mr. Eisenhower—"I am just one of the President's assistants," he said as he boarded his own plane for Paris yesterday—and he has tried to sound enthusiastic, but no one believes that he really is. The substantive problems of NATO appear for the moment to be insoluble. Behind most of the mutual distrust are the political difficulties of member nations in areas that, at least in the American view, have little to do with NATO—Indonesia, Jordan, Syria, Cyprus, Tunisia, Algeria. We have no formula for overcoming these conflicts, and neither, plainly, has anyone else. Nor has anyone a formula for overcoming NATO's military difficulties. The temporary answer to the long-range missiles that the Russians insist they have is the establishment in Western Europe of bases for our intermediate-range missiles. Western Europe doesn't care much for this, and maybe there is no reason that it should. Some uneasy accommodation will be found, but it will be much harder to find it in the kind of big, noisy meeting that this promises to be than it would have been in the routine Council meeting that was originally planned.



The feeling of just about everyone here is that it is a great mistake to hold a heads-of-government meeting now, and it was hoped until early this week that the President would welcome the chance offered by his illness to withdraw his acceptance of M. Spaak's invitation, tendered in late October. His acceptance of it then had a quality that is rarely found in the chronicles of this administration—it was impulsive, even rash. No one knows how much thought or discussion was given his decision before it was announced, but if the official version is correct, there was little time for deliberation. According to the White House, the idea was broached by M. Spaak when he met with the President and Mr. Harold Macmillan on the final day of the Anglo-American talks that had been occasioned by the launching of the first Sputnik and by Khrushchev's swaggering diplomacy in Syria. M. Spaak said he thought that a NATO heads-of-government meeting would lift European morale, that it would dramatize the continuing commitment of the United States, and that it would give Bulganin and Khrushchev something to think about. (He was correct about this. Bulganin and Khrushchev in recent days have set themselves up as participants by correspondence.) M. Spaak, who is a wily as well as a dedicated statesman, may have calculated that if he could win the President's agreement, he could force this government to squeeze some of the ambiguities from its policies. Mr. Dulles clearly foresaw this, and is said to have been fit to be tied when the President agreed. He must have known that Paris was going to be something of a brawl, and he no doubt felt, as Foreign Ministers always do, that heads of government should appear not during negotiations but after they are completed. He probably pointed out that no agenda had been drawn and argued that morale cannot be raised merely by waving at crowds. He is reported to have said that from the American point of view, quite apart from the NATO point of view, the timing—three weeks before the return of a Congress controlled by the opposition and in a highly fractious mood—could not have been worse. In Paris, the President would be expected to *do* something—specifically, to negotiate—and no one here knew what he would be in a position to trade, or even what he should seek to gain by trading. But the President and his staff were fetched by M. Spaak's line of reasoning, and Mr. Dulles must now make the best of it.

One cannot help wondering what private estimate of either the diplomatic possibilities or his own ability to restore confidence has made the President so eager to undertake a journey that so many regard as both politically and medically unwise. Does he think that a mere affirmation of his own belief in NATO will help end the crisis? Is he aware of reports that his personal popularity is not much greater in Paris than it is in Little Rock, Arkansas? "Even if he had not been stricken," Raymond Aron, the most pro-American of French publicists, wrote last week in

WELCOME WAGON
B. TOBEY

"Oh dear!"

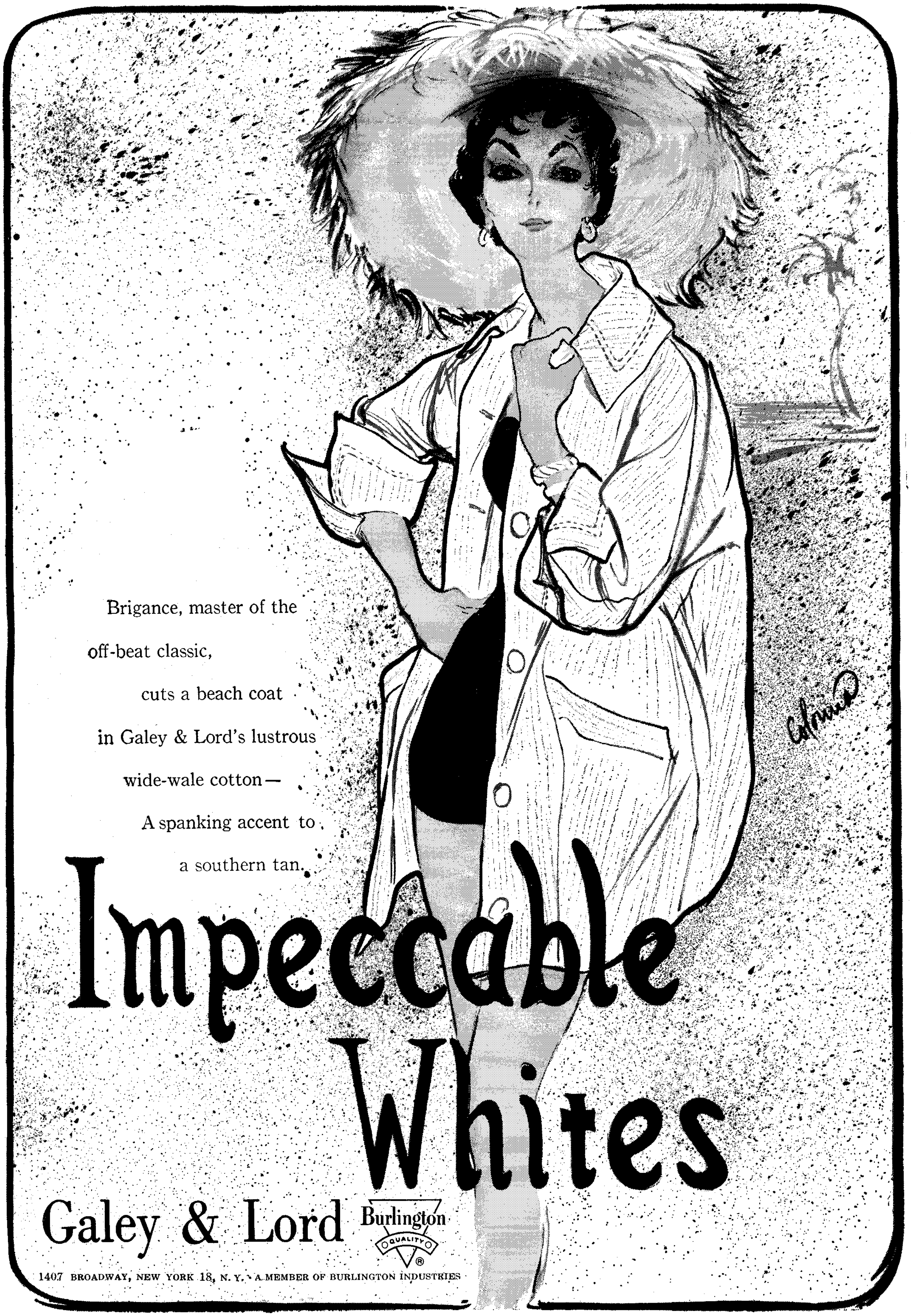
Le Figaro, the most pro-American of French publications, "the President would have been unable to regain the confidence of the Western Ministers, not to mention that of the people." For a time, it was believed that he and his staff would trick up some grandiose scheme—something with a touch of Atoms for Peace or the Marshall Plan about it—and unveil it dramatically in Paris. If anything of the sort is in the making, no one now knows of it. The common opinion is that the President is going to Paris because he thinks that his very presence there will be healing.

PARIS,
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14

THE President arrived in midafternoon and put on a Lafayette-we-are-here show that was spectacular, moving, and disconcerting. He may not have undermined M. Aron's political thesis, but he did show that he can still do and say things that are pleasing to the French. At the airport, he spoke to them with tact and grace, and on the way in to the Embassy residence he waved and smiled from an open car at as many as he saw. The Americans here wondered if his wisdom matched his courage. The weather at Orly was vile, and it seemed that a sensible man would have jumped at the opportunity to move the whole show indoors. A sheltered place, properly wired for sound and television, had been reserved for the welcoming ceremonies, and it would have easily accommodated all the shivering statesmen who had come out for the occasion. But the President chose to face the elements and made only one concession to prudence: he kept his hat on his head during the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise." After being received by Premier Gaillard in the name of all the French—including, that is, the misguided Algerians who are noisily professing to be something other than French—the President read a nicely turned-out speech. He said that Paris was beautiful, that France was and always would be great, that NATO was a grand and indispensable idea, that we Americans are very dependable folks, and that, for his part, he would go into the heads-of-government meeting filled with thoughts of liberty, equality, and fraternity. It must *have* been a great ordeal for him, since this was the first time he had spoken publicly since his recent illness, and he surely knew that many sharp ears were strained for evidences of the aphasia that had been acknowledged as its aftereffect. He stumbled a few times—but not more often, it seemed, than anyone might have been expected to do after the fatigue of a transatlantic flight and in the face of such weather. At any rate, the French know a gallant speech when they hear one; they heard one, and they witnessed a true *beau geste*. It is one thing, however, to make an agreeable impression on the French and another to make a conference a success—or even prevent it from becoming a disaster.

PARIS,
SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15

THIS evening, there was a far from brief briefing for the American press by a member of the American delegation. This man doesn't exactly sit on the American summit, but he can reach up there any time he wishes to. He might be described as a celebrated cliff-hanger. We reporters met him by prearrangement in a smoke-filled room in the Hôtel Crillon. He told us that we should not expect any very important decisions to be made at this conference. It was the American delegation's belief, he said, that the whole question of establishing bases for intermediate-range missiles on European soil would probably be taken up at a later time. When asked why this shouldn't be taken up now, he said that there was a very simple reason



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Impeccable Whites

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Peter the Great Had a Bit of Irish in Him

Now what would you say was Czar Peter the Great's favorite drink? Did you say Vodka? You're wrong!

"Usquebagh (Irish Whiskey) is the liquor of which Czar Peter the Great was so fond that he used to say, 'Of all wines, Irish wine is the best.' " So says the worthy Dr. Campbell in his "Philosophic Survey of the South of Ireland" (1775).

At the time the Russian Emperor was drinking Irish Whiskey, and miscalling it "wine," this fine product of Ireland already had a tradition of many centuries of quality behind it. For ever since whiskey was born in Ireland, the finest grains, purest waters, and most devoted skill have gone into its making.

History tells us Peter the Great sought out the finest products of the Western World for his own land, so it was natural for him to turn his attention to Irish Whiskey.

It's fit for an emperor, is Irish Whiskey, so enjoy it straight, high-balled, mixed, or in Irish Coffee. You'll appreciate its breath of quality before you even take a sip.

Small wonder so many who know ALL whiskeys drink IRISH!

IRISH WHISKEY

- John Power's Gold Label
- Old Bushmills
- Tullamore Dew
- Dunphy's Original Irish
- Gilbey's Crock o' Gold
- John Jameson
- John Locke
- Murphy's

IRISH WHISKEY DISTILLERS, IRELAND

for not taking it up now, the reason being that we haven't got the missiles to put on the missile bases. (Newspaper readers know that we've promised some to the British for late 1958, so it is obvious that other countries won't get any—even if other countries can be found that want any—until 1959.) It was pointed out to him that back in Washington he had given people the impression that if anything did come of this conference, it would be military in character. He said that he didn't recall saying or implying any such thing, and that if by chance he had left any such impression on American minds (as indeed he had), he had chosen his words unfortunately. It was suggested that perhaps the decision to talk about missile bases some other time was related to reports that a number of European countries were showing a good deal of resistance to accepting our missiles. He said that since arriving in Paris the American delegates had encountered a certain amount of that, but somewhat less of it than they had expected when they left Washington. (Back in Washington, the State Department, of which this man is a most prominent official, and the Pentagon had sought to create the impression that, far from resisting our offers, our allies in Western Europe had been clamoring for anything we had in the missile line that would go off when fired.) The briefer said that in spite of the fact that no great decisions were to be expected, it appeared to him that the conference was getting off to an excellent start. After all, he pointed out, it is an achievement in itself when the heads of fifteen nations are brought together for such a meeting as this, and it was quite ridiculous for anyone to imply that they were forgathering here to bury NATO; heads of government don't embark on such long journeys for funerals. He made several other points, none of them revealing in what other ways the conference might turn out well. Then he addressed himself to the matter that above all others concerns our French hosts—North Africa. He said that he thought we and the French could understand each other on this, and that, for his part, he wished to make it altogether clear that American foreign policy (which he is widely believed to formulate) was being made with no thought whatever of encouraging American business interests to replace French ones in that troubled region. Would we then, he was asked, do what Premier Gaillard has begged us to do—acknowledge publicly and explicitly the "preëminent" position of France in North Africa? His reply was diplomatic, for he is a diplomat.

It is certainly true that statesmen in possession of their wits do not make a great show of coming to a world capital to dismember an organization in which they have so many times vested their hopes. And no one who is observing this conference believes for a moment that NATO will be dismembered; the heads of government want it to wax in strength and continue its historic function. But the crisis of confidence is a living presence on the streets and in the hotel rooms here, and it seems unlikely that it can be liquidated by the oratory that will come in the next few days.

Paris,
Monday, December 16

It was talk, talk, talk all day long at the Palais de Chaillot. Though this is only the first day of the scheduled sessions, it is hard to avoid the feeling that the second-act curtain is about to fall. M. Spaak spoke, and Joseph Bech, of Luxembourg, spoke, Premier Gaillard spoke, and the President spoke, and a fine anthology of contemporary pieties could be culled from their speeches. In the afternoon, they all spoke again, and so did the heads of government who were getting their first crack at the microphones. From these sessions, there was very little news, and from the American point of view the news was bad. The Norwegians, who made most of it, showed how prescient the American briefing officer had been in saying that it was premature to talk much about missile bases now. Einar Gerhardsen, the Norwegian Prime Minister, told the conference that "on the question of establishing launching sites for intermediate-range ballistic missiles, it is our view that the right course would be to postpone the decision." He might better have said "any" decision, since there was nothing before the house that called for action. True, Mr. Dulles had said that "if this council so desires, and in order to strengthen NATO's deterrent power, the United States is prepared to make available to other NATO countries intermediate-range ballistic missiles, for deployment in accordance with the plans of SACEUR [Supreme Allied Commander, Europe]." This, however, was at least three steps from being

RICHARD WILSON
Chief of The Register and Tribune's Washington Bureau, 1954 Pulitzer Prize winner

Hometown paper for the whole state of Iowa... why?

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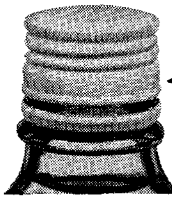

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a request for launching sites. Before long, it was apparent that Mr. Gerhardsen wasn't really talking about missile sites at all, nor was he thinking of them. He was thinking of Bulganin and Khrushchev and their letter writing, and of the possibility of having another go at ironing out the differences between NATO and the Russians. He went on to say, in cautious language, that it might be a good idea to use "the time that will in any case elapse before any existing plans can be implemented . . . to examine the possibilities for renewed negotiations with the Soviet Union on disarmament."

"The time that will in any case elapse"—these are words that say a lot about this conference. Everyone seems to assume that time will "in any case elapse." It wasn't like that in 1949, when NATO was founded. Then it was felt that the West was in deep and immediate peril. The founders of NATO, many of whom are here now, thought that at any moment the Red Army might pull aside the Iron Curtain and swarm over Europe, from Norway to Italy and east of Italy to Turkey. NATO was to be a shield—a device for making such an assault more trouble than it would be worth. In 1949, general war was truly feared. No one at the Paris conference thinks of general war as being much of a possibility now. After all, the Russians today have something like a hundred and seventy divisions, and NATO has barely one for every ten of theirs. Not when time has elapsed and our missiles are getting off the ground but tomorrow morning or afternoon is when the Russians would make a frontal assault on the West if they had any intention of doing so. No doubt one of the reasons they haven't attacked is that they don't want any trouble with even those few NATO divisions. If the Western statesmen had come here to bury NATO, the funeral orators could say with complete truthfulness that it had had a most useful life. But the world has changed to such a degree that they now talk about how much time they have on their hands. They recognize that the problem at the moment really isn't to match the Russians missile for missile in Western Europe but to find a way to keep the world beyond NATO—broadly speaking, the Afro-Asian world—from succumbing to Soviet blandishments that are anything but military in character. And to do this, some of them think it may be advisable for the West itself to succumb to certain Soviet blandishments—in particular, to the Russian suggestions that we have a few words

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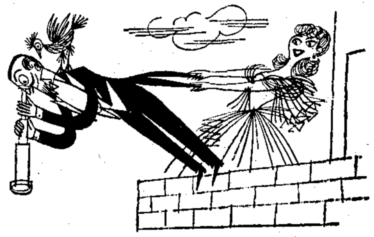

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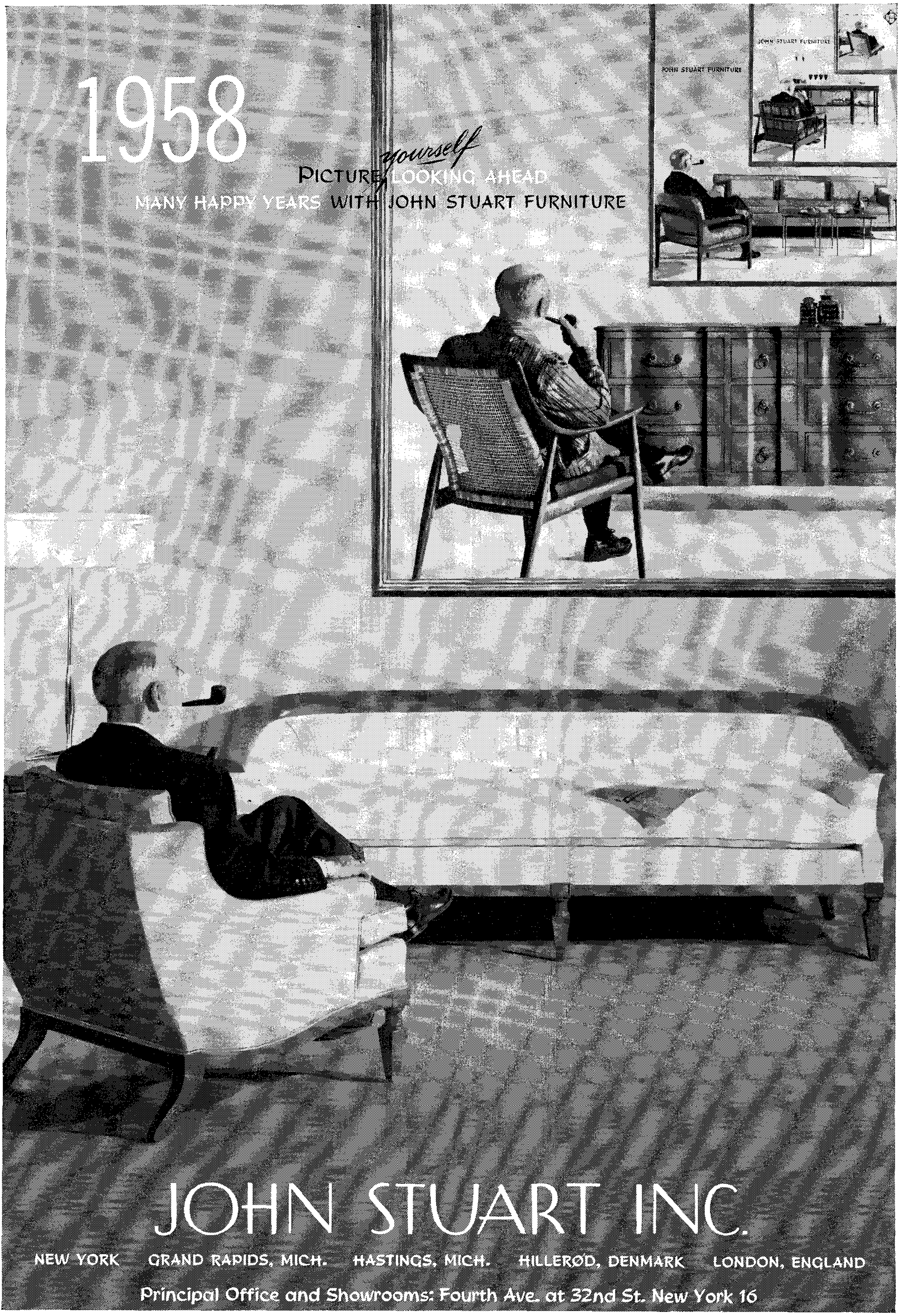
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with them in some convenient rendezvous. Mr. Gerhardsen talked a bit along these lines, and the Danes followed his lead, and Chancellor Adenauer said he thought the West might ask the Russians to tell us a bit more about what they have in mind. The expectation tonight is that this sentiment will build up throughout the remaining sessions of the meeting.

For a time today, it seemed as if the American delegation might actually have a couple of glossy public-relations stunts for making it appear that something big was being done here. Mr. Hagerty, the President's press secretary, said in the afternoon that his news conference in the evening would be a long and, he thought, interesting one; it was to deal, he said, with the program to be submitted by our delegation. When evening came, the only real news was that the President had suffered some fatigue at the sessions and had asked to be excused from a dinner being given by M. Spaak. Since the sessions were fatiguing even to read or think about, Mr. Hagerty's announcement on this topic was easy to credit. As for the conference on the American program, it was long, as promised, but not very interesting. We intend, it seems, to go on being loyal members of NATO, ready to shoulder our share, and more than our share, of its burdens, and even, perhaps, to have a Secretary of NATO Affairs attend Cabinet meetings, but no one here could find anything new or important in what Mr. Hagerty and a colleague of his from the State Department were talking about.

PARIS,
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 17

THE Atlas ICBM has gone up, the New York stock market has gone down, Paris is having great fun at the expense of Mr. Hagerty, and the President has revisited his old headquarters in Rocquencourt, where he delivered an extemporaneous talk in which he said that he still doesn't "feel quite as natural with my civilian hat as I did with my military cap." None of these events was the subject of discussion or debate at the Palais de Chaillot, but they have had a distracting influence on delegates and observers all day long, and well into the evening. Because the day has been gray and the conference grayer, it does not seem wholly regrettable that the funniest episode has been the most distracting. Art Buchwald, a flippant columnist for the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune*, published this morning a column in which he essayed a bur-

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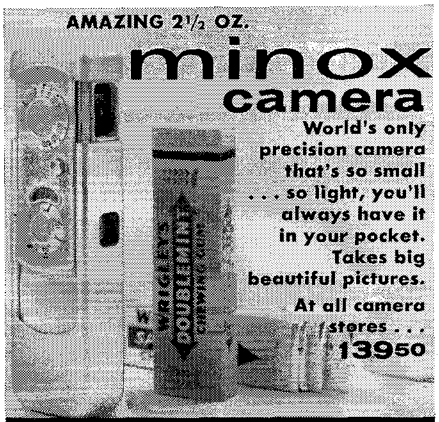

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lesque on Mr. Hagerty's sessions with the White House press—sessions that sometimes deal in what can only be regarded as absurdities. (The reporters do the interrogating, so it is mainly their responsibility when the proceedings lack elevation. Ask a foolish question, etc.) At any rate, Mr. Buchwald wrote what seemed to most people a good-humored spoof on the whole thing, and probably by sheer inadvertence penetrated a small chink in Mr. Hagerty's formidable armor. He had Mr. Hagerty open the news meeting by saying, "I'm sorry I'm late, gentlemen, but I thought the show at the Lido would end at eleven-thirty." Mr. Hagerty is well known among his friends and professional associates to be a connoisseur of night-club entertainment; for some reason or other, men in politics generally dislike having such amiable hobbies mentioned in the newspapers, and Mr. Hagerty is a man in politics up to his ears. His reading of the Buchwald column led to an explosion that has rocked the conference. The word went out that he was on the verge of breaking one of the cardinal rules of White House press-agentry. He would make a direct and personal attack on a newspaperman. When this intelligence got abroad, people—by no means all of them newspapermen—put aside their concern with Norwegians and missile sites and heavy questions of Middle East policy to flock to the Crillon and witness the hostilities. They were not disappointed. Mr. Hagerty, behaving as if he were a maligned political minority, demanded equal space in the *Herald Tribune*—a newspaper that has for many years given him, as well as the administration of which he is an official, space enough to paper Texas. "I would assume," he said, "that the *Herald Tribune*, being a fair and decent paper, would give these remarks equal play on the front page in their edition tomorrow, as they did with this unadulterated rot that was printed in the paper this morning." Mr. Buchwald then rose and said, in a crisp voice, "I thought it was a pretty good piece." The White House staff put out an official transcript of parts of the exchange, but it was oddly incomplete, for it excluded Mr. Buchwald's simple defense of his work; in the transcript, it was marked down as "inaudible." Mr. Hagerty's reply, however, was there: "I still think it was unadulterated rot." Encore by Mr. Buchwald: "So did my wife." This, too, was found "inaudible."

In a discussion with several American reporters, a head of government—but not one stationed in Washington—

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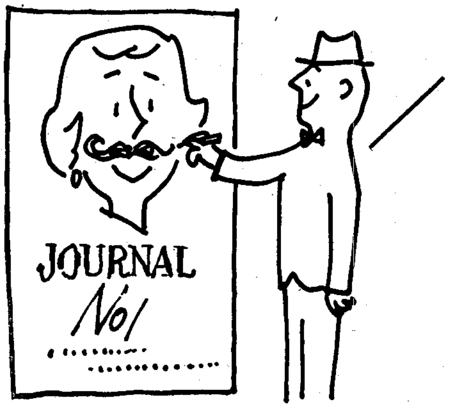
Professor Henry Higgins' song in "My Fair Lady" asks dozens of bewildering questions—the most persistent being, "Why Can't a Woman Be More Like a Man?" Here are some of the answers—according to that hard man to bewilder, Mr. Ogden Nash.

Ladies' Home Journal asked Ogden Nash...

"Why aren't women more like men?"

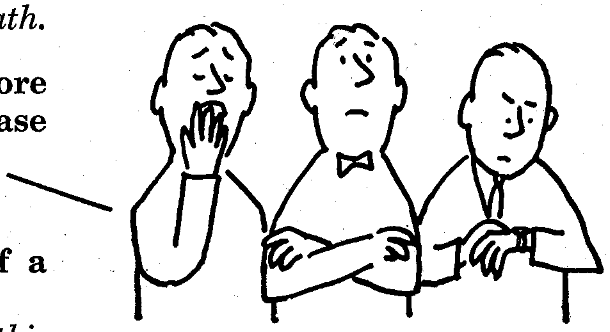


Why do women do everything their mothers did? Why don't they grow up more like their fathers instead?
My father-in-law has a mustache. I like things the way they are.

Are women unpredictable?
No—only by men.

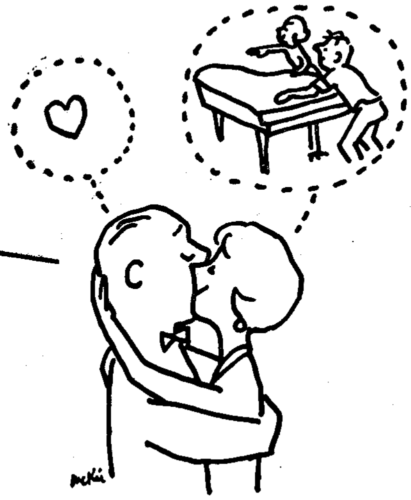
Why are women never ready to go out when you are?
No bubbles in my bath.

Is the company of men really more pleasant? Are most men more at ease in the company of men?
Certainly. Hence the whaling industry.



Why can't a woman be more of a chum?
What lad in the Beaver Troop posed this poser?

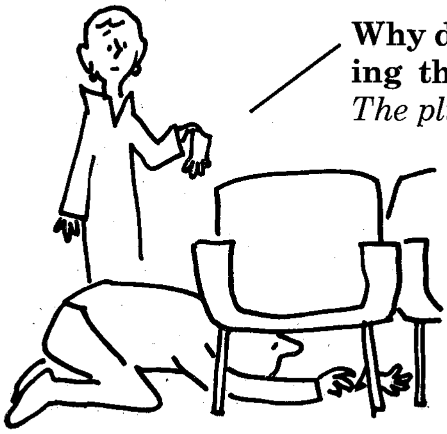
THE NO. 1 MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN



Have women asked your advice, then done exactly what they wanted to do?
Yes, and so has John Foster Dulles.

Do most women really only want to talk of love?
No. Men want to talk of love, women immediately talk about moving the furniture around.

Do women complain more?
More than Ted Williams?

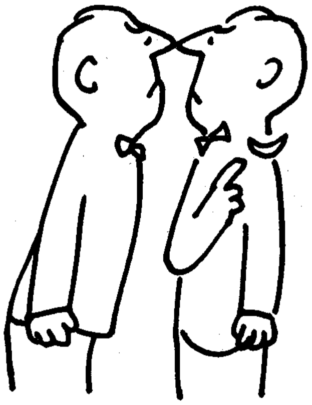


Why do you imagine women are always losing their gloves?
The plural is wrong. They lose them one at a time.

Is it true that women are generally jealous and suspicious?
Only of men and each other.

If slighted, have you known women who wouldn't speak for hours?
After they have spoken for hours, yes.

By and large, are we a marvelous sex?
Who is we? There are those who think any sex is marvelous.



Are men always friendly, good natured, better companions?
Maybe in Texas.

Can you understand women at all?
If I did, I'd be a fool to admit it.

Why do you suppose men never cry?
Wrong again. I'm still crying over Black Beauty.

The eternal fact that women can't be more like men—or, indeed, *anything* like them—explains why there is a magazine like Ladies' Home Journal. More women buy and read the Journal than any other magazine on earth. The person-to-person relationship between women and the Journal works for advertisers, too. They invest more money in the Journal than in any other women's magazine.

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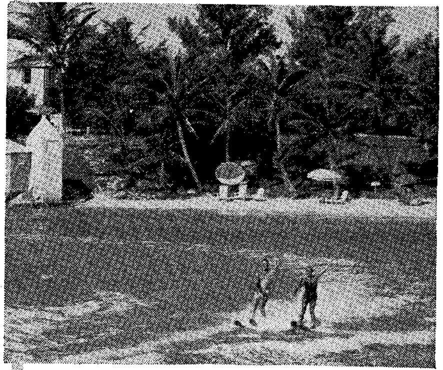

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made the point that conferences that seem aimless and unbearable the first day have a way of finding themselves in subsequent days. "They develop a life of their own," he said. They certainly do.

Meanwhile, at the Palais de Chaillot, the heads of government and the Foreign Ministers are being subjected to mounting pressure for a real summit meeting. And in the Kremlin, Khrushchev and Bulganin may already be laying down carpets in the expectation of soon seeing their correspondents face to face. Christian Pineau, the French Foreign Minister, has proposed that he, Selwyn Lloyd, and Mr. Dulles meet with Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko about resuming the disarmament talks. Neither Mr. Lloyd nor Mr. Dulles has rejected the idea. Mr. Dulles—who has now been revealed in a newspaper column by Joseph Alsop as Sunday night's briefer—told the American press that he couldn't see any point to it (for the usual reason: Russians just trying to divide the West), but he did not make the same observations in the NATO council. The British don't like the Pineau proposal, but are in no better position than we are to run it down. It begins to look more and more as if the conferees would end up doing the very thing they came together to avoid doing. And no doubt if a proposal for a new Geneva is accepted here, it will be held up as an accomplishment of great worth, a proof of NATO's continuing vigor. It will be said—and the statement will be largely true—that the "crisis of confidence" would deepen if the British and the Americans threw cold water on Europe's hopes for peace. It seems an age since anyone has suggested that the presence of Mr. Eisenhower in Paris would help restore NATO's prestige or end the "crisis of confidence."

PARIS,
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 18

THE conference is all but over, the communiqué is in the making, and the summiteers' business at hand is to gather correspondents around them and give their private versions of what has happened. President Eisenhower is the only head of government who has not done this; he gladly hands over the chore of seeing the press to Mr. Hagerty, Mr. Dulles, and other members of the American delegation. In one government, there is a minor crisis because its head had a closed session with American correspondents before meeting with those of his own country.

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"You see, *you* were wrong," M. Spaak told the press this evening. "There is no Atlantic crisis." No one else would put it quite that flatly or that reproachfully, but the general line is—as perhaps it must be, for the good of the alliance—that things were not as bad as they seemed, and that in any event things are much better as a result of these talks. That is certainly the Anglo-American line. It just wasn't a fact that NATO was torn by distrust; it was a matter of some slight misunderstandings that have now been cleared up. Take the case of Norway. The Norwegians, it is being said, have wanted intermediate-range missiles all along, and this is proved by the fact that they have agreed in principle to agree in principle to accept the United States' offer to "make available to other NATO countries intermediate-range ballistic missiles for deployment in accordance with the plans of SACEUR." (The language is Mr. Dulles's and will probably be the language of the communiqué.) It was a mistake to interpret Mr. Gerhardsen's first speech as reflecting any reluctance to have launching bases in his country. He merely wished to have a couple of things straightened out before he committed himself. A few hours of friendly talk here, and all was well. But isn't it a fact, the conferees are asked, that the Norwegians and those who have followed their lead haven't really accepted anything at all on missile bases? And isn't it a further fact that by their resistance they have won agreement to certain procedures that will lead, in the end, to talks with the Russians? The Anglo-American answer is that the agreement on missile bases is a thing of genuine substance, while the Anglo-American concession is not a thing of substance, because, in the end, nothing much will come of all this talk about talks with the Russians; even if talks eventually do take place, nothing much is likely to happen, because the Russians never agree to anything. Our concession about exploring the possibilities of negotiations is necessary, because

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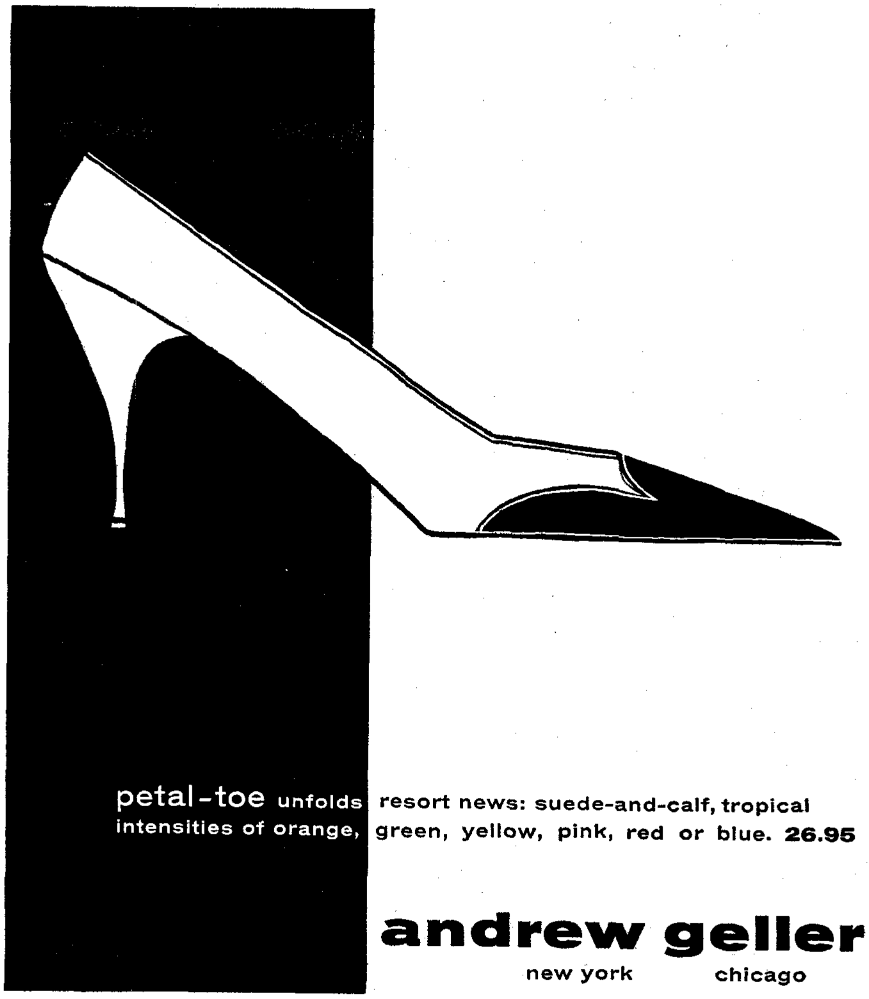
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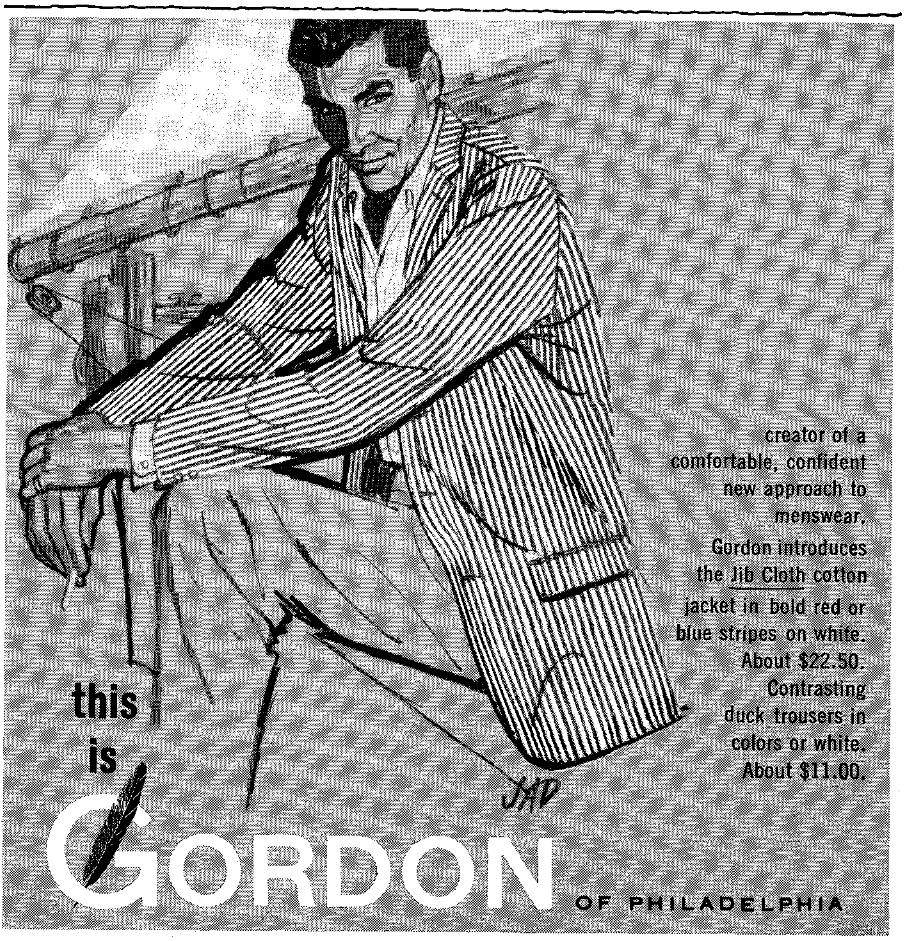
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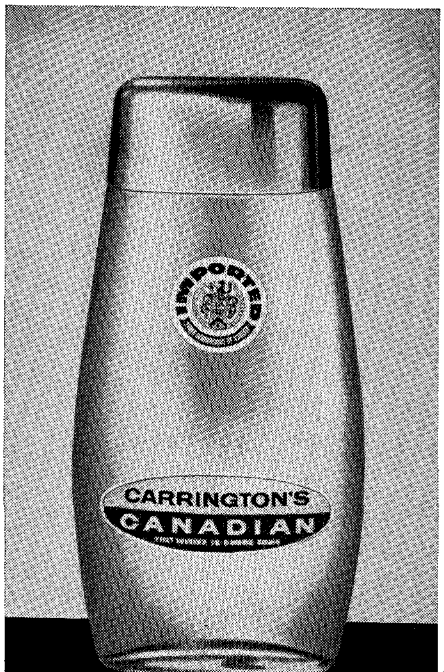
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if we failed to give it, we would be distrusted, and the crisis of confidence would continue.

Mutterings of "snow job" are heard while these explanations are being made. We are being told that the conference accomplished all that it was possible for it to accomplish, because everyone accepts—in principle, always in principle—Mr. Dulles's proposal on missile bases, and because the United States is accepting, but only in principle, the proposal of almost everyone else to institute or resume negotiations with the Russians. Put one way or another, the NATO powers' recognition of the need for missiles and of the need for negotiations will be the heart of the communiqué.

Is this something or nothing? It has the look of nothing. Apart from England, which has said all along that it wishes to have launching sites, no country has agreed to permit a single one on its own soil. Everyone, though, has agreed that ballistic missiles are important weapons and that a nation wishing to defend itself needs to have them; it is rather like saying that to have a game of baseball one needs a bat. Yet all our Paris statesmen are congratulating themselves on having arrived at this view after four days of talk.

They are also congratulating themselves on having agreed—in principle, *toujours* in principle—to negotiate with the Soviet Union. But all of them, including Mr. Dulles, have never been against this in principle. They have merely held that it was dangerous, because the Russians are such crafty people and, in a situation such as this, for example, might talk some of our weaker sisters out of establishing missile bases. But now, unless most American observers are misreading the entire situation, we and the British have given the Continental powers our recognition of a diplomatic fact of life in exchange for their recognition of a military fact of life. Nations, like people, have a way of recognizing the facts of life but failing to act on them. The conference isn't over yet, and there may be some pledges to act upon the facts, but this is generally doubted.

PARIS,
THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19

THE President is flying home after a morning spent in a session discussing the communiqué point by point. The session closed with a few moments devoted, at Mr. Eisenhower's request, to prayer. The afternoon has been given over to making the communiqué

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public point by point. It has thirty-six points, mostly blunt. Mr. Dulles turned out to be right the very first time he said not to expect anything big. The heads of government say that the deployment of missiles "will accordingly be decided in conformity with NATO defense plans." This is Point 21, and the heart of the communiqué as far as military matters are concerned. The political heart is Point 17: "Should the Soviet government refuse to participate in the work of the new [United Nations] Disarmament Commission, we would welcome a meeting at Foreign Minister level to resolve the deadlock." This is a nice way of telling the Russians how to get negotiations started.

Before this conference began, there was an editorial about it in the London *Economist* called "Hellbent for Half-Measures." Since there are times when half a measure is better than none, there must also be times when quarter measures are better than none, and this may be one of them.—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

THE EXPRESSIVE LIFE
(THIGH-SOCKET PHASE)

[*From the program of an affair at the Hunter Playhouse*]

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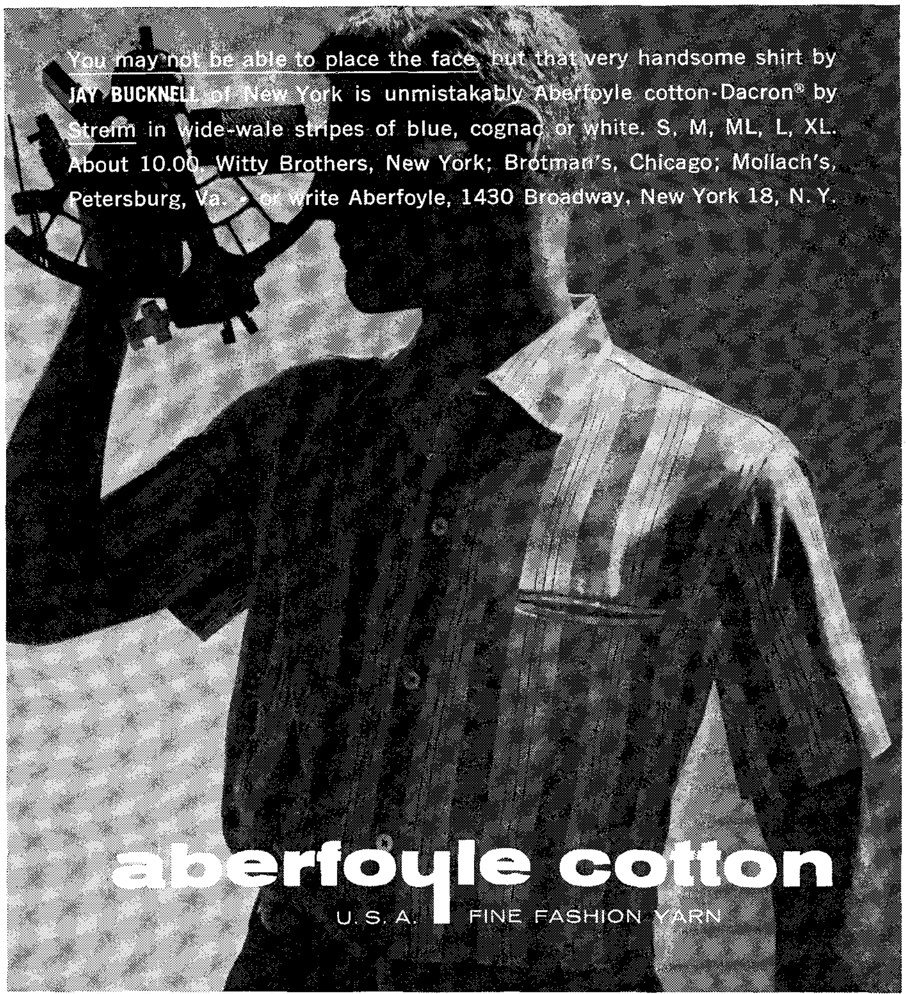
Composition method in the movement structure is composition-in-silence: in order to permit the two theatres of movement and music to exist independently, not only as total entities side by side, but in the pure instant-by-instant, immediately-apprehended sense of time dimension; to permit fullest and most unpremeditated investigation into movement rhythm; to permit discovery of *what is* in the total nature of movement material—on all levels of the body—ranging from the little finger, eyelid, big toe, to collar bone and knee cap, to the powerful, the expressive muscles of thigh socket.

The movement structure itself is structure of bracketing: constantly different elements are bracketed out of totality (a few at any given time) for contemplation in the evolving time journey until the total time segment includes a very wide scale of material and makes of the whole a possible experience of totality; structure where relationship is expressed by equilibrium of paradox; where sound and movement, after establishing instant-by-instant, mutual awareness, at given moments destroy this *immediately-perceived-time-sense* by marvelously ignoring each other; structure specifically using the extreme simplicity of two people, in order to witness the subtle nature of movement itself, emphasizing the kinesthetic approach (where actually one body is almost enough to comprehend), rather than approaches resulting primarily in spectacle; the two people in HERE AND NOW WITH WATCHERS are the beautiful complementary polarity, woman, man.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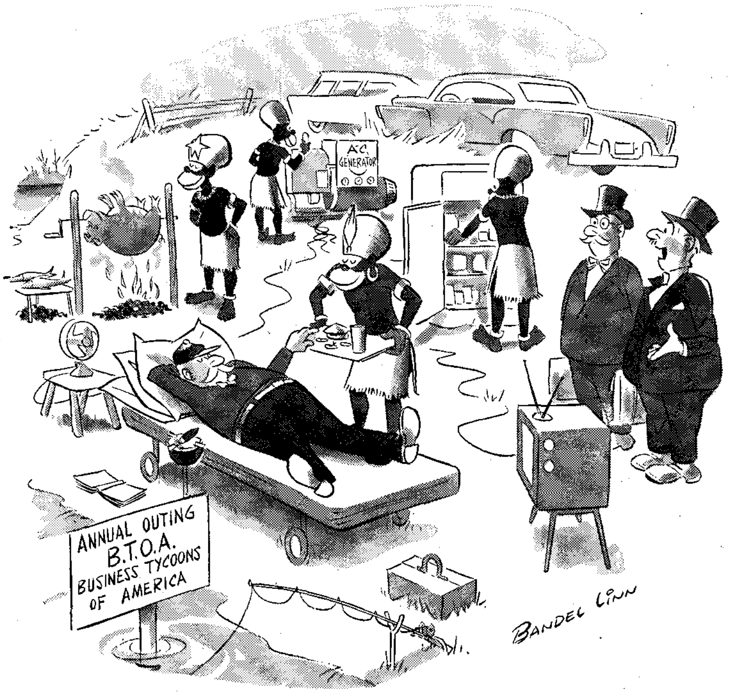

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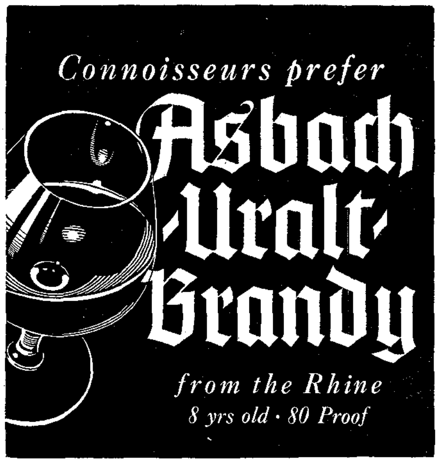

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bridge of Sighs

"'THE BRIDGE' is great!" the hucksters for "The Bridge on the River Kwai" exclaim in their advertisements, and for once the beaters' big talk is not entirely misleading. The picture, which deals with some British military adventures and misadventures in the Far East during the Second World War, is by no means the primitive account of derring-do that we customarily find in movies about warriors; rather, it's an adult blend of comedy, romance, satire, melodrama—and even, after a cliff-hanging climax, a touch of tragedy. In combining these disparate ingredients, Pierre Boulle, who adapted the screenplay from his novel of the same name, and David Lean, who directed the work, have perhaps been a little less concise than they might have been—the film is almost three hours in the telling—but there aren't many laggard moments.

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The story has to do with a British outfit, led by a colonel who is a stickler for rules, that is marched into a Japanese prison camp in Burma after the disastrous campaign in Malaya. The camp is run by a martinet (Sessue Hayakawa) whose one aim in life is to finish building a bridge across a river in time to meet a deadline set by his superiors. The colonel has no objection to having his troops turned into workers on the project, but he insists that, according to the provisions of the Geneva Convention, neither he nor his officers can be made to do manual labor. Thereupon the Japanese commander says to hell with the Geneva Convention and tosses the colonel and his subordinate officers into horrible punishment coops. The colonel, however, remains steadfast in his resolve to stand by the rules of Geneva, and construction on the bridge gets pretty hopelessly bogged down, because of the inefficiency of the Japanese and the skilled sabotage of the British rankers. Eventually, the stalemate between the colonel and his Japanese jailer is resolved by an agreement that the British officers may function as supervisors of the work. It is at this point that our colonel, unbending under the effects of all kinds of torture, goes haywire with the obsession that the bridge should be completed at top speed, as a monument to British ingenuity under desperate handicaps. He will not be gainsaid on the subject, and to clinch his argument he points out to his fellow-officers that the men are badly in need of the sort of discipline that only hard and honest work can provide. Somewhere about in here, an American Navy man who has been sharing captivity with the British escapes from the camp and makes his way to Ceylon. Full of high hopes of easing out of the service on a medical discharge, he is disporting himself ducally when a British commando unit drafts him into a party that is going back to the river to render the bridge useless to the Japanese. The comic possibilities of using British understatement to convince a reluctant American that his duty is to guide the wrecking party through the hellish jungle he's just come out of are neatly exploited, and when the group finally gets under way, a pleasant bit of hokum is introduced by having the commandos supplied with female bearers, all of them knockouts. The journey of the commandos and their helpers is an exciting piece of business, and the scenery that serves as a background to their safari consists of some lovely vistas of Ceylon, where the picture was filmed.

In the role of the twisted colonel, Alec Guinness performs with impressive conviction, and Jack Hawkins is appropriately stalwart as the leader of the commandos out to destroy the bridge. But maybe William Holden, who plays the American in the affair, is the best of a superb lot. In any case, there's praise to spare for one and all.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

In an old sheet, cut a center hole large enough for a grown-up's face. (Ask the mother of one of the guests to help in this game.) Supplying the children with small, slightly wet sponges, let them take their turn at "hitting the face."—*Party suggestion booklet accompanying a package of Fritos.*

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Chicago Sun-Times*]

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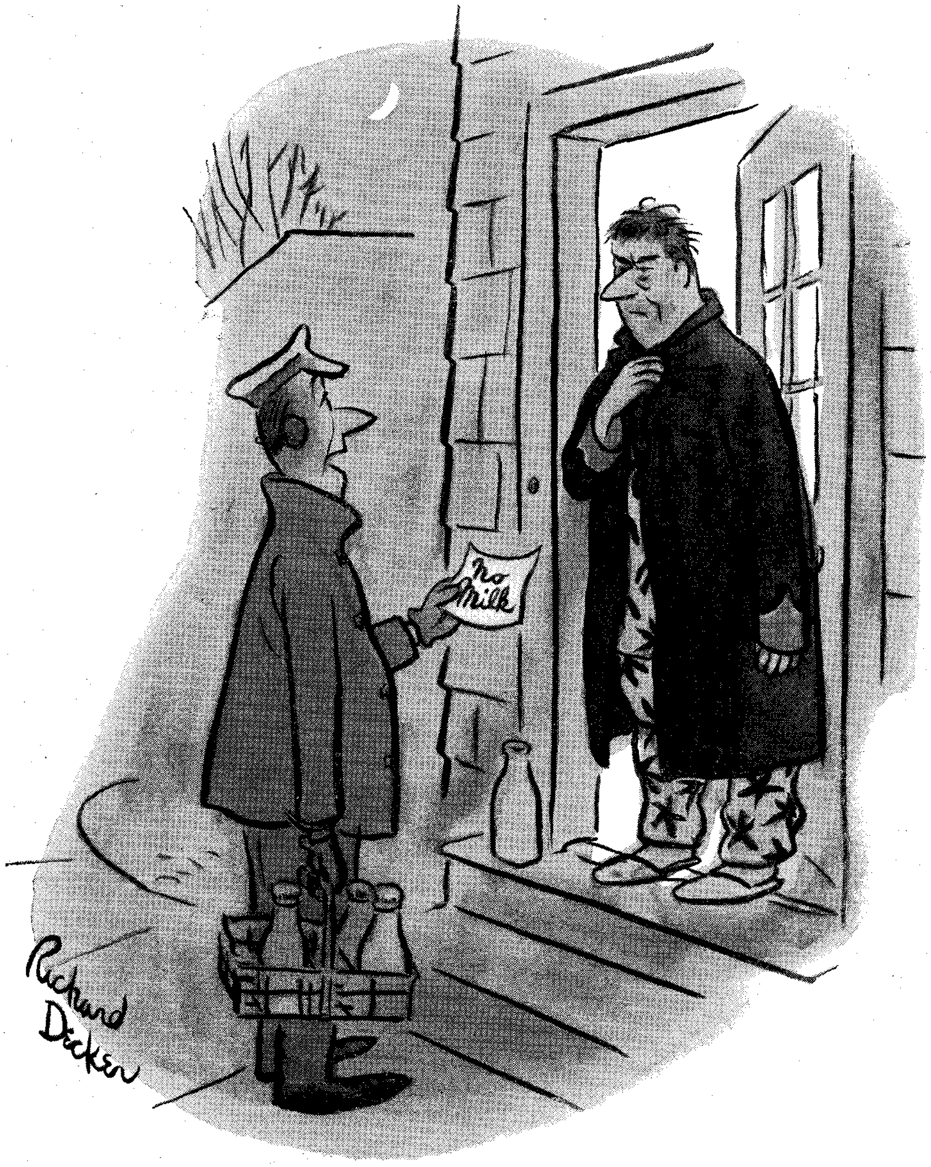
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

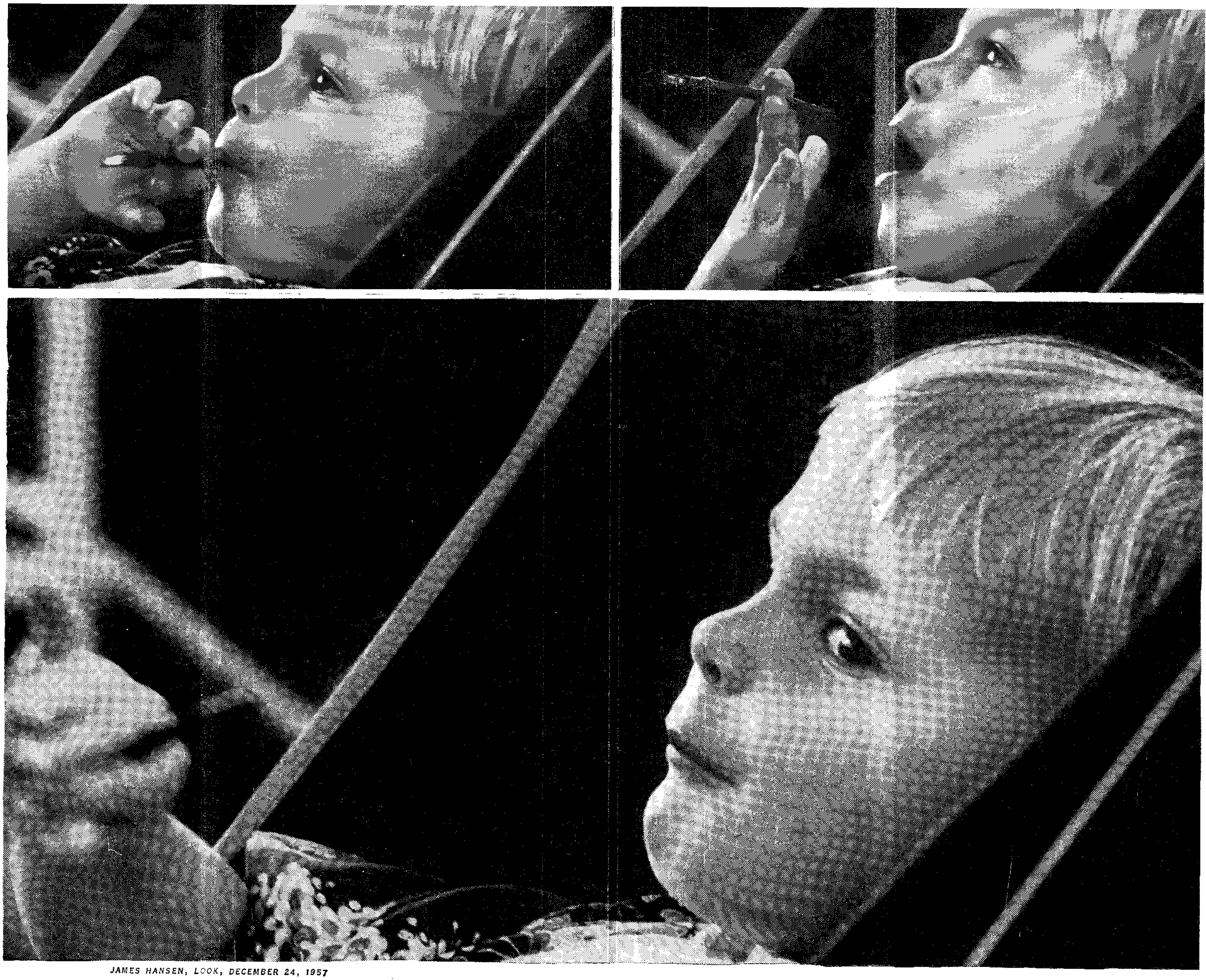
MOON IN A BOX

HAVING looked into the aims, plans, and problems of Project Vanguard for this magazine last spring, when most Americans were confident that the United States would put up the first earth satellite in history, I was curious to see how our vastly publicized failure in Florida on December 6th had affected the scientists and engineers directly concerned, and a few days after the fizzle I went down to Washington to find out. The Project's headquarters—the main scene of our earth-satellite research and planning—is a somewhat antiquated four-story building on the grounds of the Naval Research Laboratory, and when I stopped in at a number of its offices, I discovered that the scientists have very little to contribute to the recent flood of theorizing and speculating about what went wrong. They have a very good idea of what went wrong, I gathered, but it is not something they can talk about publicly, because of the Project's security regulations. Whatever it is, though, the men I called on did not seem unduly upset. "A new rocket is just as apt to blow up as to go up," Roger L. Easton, a young electronics expert, told me. "Why, we couldn't make any sense out of all that stuff in the papers about how the NATO conference and the stock market were going to blow up just because our rocket blew up." Easton, who was in the blockhouse on the launching site at Cape Canaveral, Florida, when Vanguard, the three-stage rocket that was expressly designed for the Project, tipped over and burst into flames, went on to tell me that the "shoot," ill-fated as it was, was not entirely devoid of accomplishment. For one thing, it seems, the final countdown—an eleven-hour process, just before the launching, in which hundreds of complex checks were made on the rocket—went off very smoothly. For another, this was the first time that a fully assembled Vanguard had been fuelled, and that job, involving the handling of tons of dangerously inflammable propellants, also went off without a hitch. And the silvery six-inch satellite, though destined never to become a celestial body, proved as sturdy as its makers had intended it to be—plummeting eighty feet through flame that might well have melted it, landing on concrete pavement, and surviving in something close to working order. The satellite's home is now a plain brown cardboard box on the floor of a room across the hall from the office of Dr. John P. Hagen, the director of Project Vanguard, and I was taken to see it by Martin J. Votaw, a member of the Project's tracking staff, who had also been in the blockhouse at the time of the launching—and, in fact, was the man who first picked up the wounded moon. The aluminum surface of the little sphere was charred and crumpled, and the antennas protruding from it were bent, but four of its six solar batteries were still operating, Votaw told me, and its transmitters were still sending forth a signal. The signal was not audible, and Votaw told me that it never had been. "That was a lot of nonsense about the satellite lying on the ground saying 'Beep! Beep!'" he said. "The signal goes out on a frequency of a hundred and eight megacycles, and you can't hear it without a receiver. And anyway it isn't a series of beeps. It's a continuous sound."

Certainly no sign of embarrassment is to be detected in the men associated with the misfire, although letters have been coming in from the public suggesting that they would do well to take up another trade. They were, of course, sharply disappointed by the failure, but their disappointment was largely over details that might not occur to the layman. They found it particularly annoying, for example, that the second stage of the rocket, which had not yet been tested in flight, never did get a chance to prove itself, since it was in the first stage that things went wrong. (Ironically, the first and the third stages had been tested, and the tests had been successful three times in a row—an unusually lucky streak in rocketry.) Irritating



"*About this note, sir. Do you mean you have no milk or you want no milk?*"



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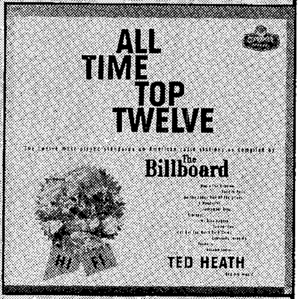

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as the incident at Cape Canaveral was to the scientists, however, and keenly aware as many of them are of its political consequences, they by no means consider it a catastrophic setback professionally. "This was a matter not of science but of engineering, and it can be licked," I was told by Dr. Herbert Friedman, the head of the electron-optics branch of the Naval Research Laboratory, whose field is solar physics and whose experiments, over the past eight years, have depended on rocket flights. "If we didn't have a good scientific program lined up—a good set of experiments—then we'd really have reason to be embarrassed. The fact is, though, that we have a very fine program, and we want to get on with it." As for the public's chagrin, Dr. Friedman believes that it would never have been so great if more people understood even superficially the process of trial and error that is involved in scientific work. His own career, he told me, had been strewn with mishaps, both engineering and scientific. Back in 1952, for example, he was seeking to measure the sun's X-ray and ultraviolet radiations, by means of photoelectric cells that had been installed in a Viking rocket; the rocket went off properly, but it shifted from its expected course just enough so that the photocells were turned away from the sun. "A year's work down the drain," Dr. Friedman said ruefully. "The next day, there was a cheery story in the papers about how the Viking had broken all altitude records. As if that helped me!" Dr. Homer E. Newell, Jr., the Project's science-program coördinator, told me that he agreed that ignorance of scientific methods had a lot to do with the public's strong reaction, and went on to suggest another factor. "Americans think of science in terms of its applications—things like fabrics and tail fins—not as a patient search for knowledge for its own sake," he said. "As a people, we tend to measure everything by immediate results, and that's why we're so vulnerable to setbacks. Of course, I'll grant you that in this case it wasn't exactly a test tube being quietly tossed into a wastebasket that upset the public. It was a rocket seven stories high exploding in the full glare of publicity."

That glare of publicity, I gathered, is regarded by the scientists as a sort of cultural event, *genus americanus*, rather than as the error in judgment that some critics have been calling it, and even though government leaders have been promising that the public's hopes will never again be so powerfully stimulated, all the men I talked with as-

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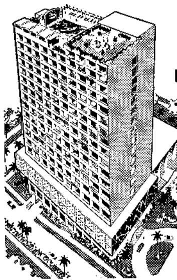

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sume that the same phenomenon will somehow contrive to repeat itself. "It's bound to happen when the military services are involved," one physicist told me. "As a matter fact, you can already see the buildup for the Army's satellite shoot mysteriously getting under way." Although the launching of earth satellites is not a military matter—it is part of this country's contribution to the International Geophysical Year, itself a purely scientific enterprise—it was probably inevitable that the services, as the custodians of our rockets and the employers of great numbers of men equipped to handle them, should have been called on to put the spheres into the air. And the military services, like practically all other government agencies, concluded a long time ago that publicity, for better or worse, is a highly effective wedge for prying funds loose from Congress. This approach, once it gains momentum, is by no means limited to the competing top echelons. Units in each of the services, fighting for their status as well as for money, enter the lists, and the press often proves a willing agent in the airing of myriad rivalries. "It gets to be a little like the tale of the sorcerer's apprentice. No one knows how to turn off the flood of handouts," the physicist said. "What's more, many scientists are learning to play the game. Science professors—men who have led almost cloistered lives in universities—come to Washington and discover that their favorite research projects will die unless they beat the drum. It's saddening to see, as I have seen, a modest, dignified scientist offer a reporter, at the end of an interview, a photograph of himself to go along with the article."

Great as the fuss and trumpeting were, however, the scientists deny that the launching itself was timed to meet the demands of publicity, and I was assured on all sides that, whatever the rumors to the contrary, the moment for pulling the switch that set the rocket free was not advanced by a single instant. At the base at Cape Canaveral, the crews of technicians were shielded from any possible intrusion, and all but a very few visiting scientists and military dignitaries were forbidden to enter the launching area. As for newspapermen, the whole base was off limits to them, and they had to watch the launching from Cocoa Beach, three miles away. Besides, the crews were taking their orders from men who had supervised many shoots and were temperamentally impervious to buildups. "I suppose we were conscious of pressure from out-

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side—all that high expectation," one of the scientists told me, "but there comes a time when the pressure of the engineering problem at hand is so great that any additional pressure is lost in the noise. Maybe a theoretical case could be made out for putting that sort of additional pressure down as a disadvantage—a minus quantity—because it just might fluster somebody somewhere along the line. But, all things considered, I'd say that the big build-up didn't hurt the Vanguard shoot any more than it helped it."

THE Vanguard scientists are making no effort to minimize American failures in the light of Russian successes, but they do point out that these successes and failures are at least partly to be explained by the different scientific climate of the two countries. They say this matter-of-factly and, it appeared to me, undefensively, and all those I talked with seemed to feel that the reasons the Russians were able to get ahead of us go so far back and are so broad in scope that it would be useless to try to fix the blame on any person or group. Thanks largely to our well-publicized fizzles, the reasons, in a general way, are now familiar to the public—paltry appropriations for basic research, too much emphasis on technology instead of pure science, low salaries for teachers, and an undulant anti-intellectual fever. The Russians, on the other hand, have been pushing the development of scientists and plying their researchers with funds. "It's said that a scientist does his best work before he's thirty," Dr. James E. Kupperian, a Naval Research Laboratory physicist who specializes in upper-atmosphere studies, told me. "Well, the Russians started speeding up their training of young scientists just about ten years ago, and that program should be paying off right now. Apparently it is."

Our scientists are apt to be hesitant about discussing specific aspects of the Russian feats, though perhaps not for the expected reason. Actually, their respect for the Sputniks is tinged with reservations, and they do not like to say much about these for fear of appearing graceless in the unaccustomed role of runner-up. Some scientists, for instance, feel that, considering the relatively few instruments the Sputniks seem to be carrying, their enormous size is more theatrical than useful, but how can an American scientist point this out without being accused of crying sour grapes? In general, the scientists are wary of criticizing their opposition, but one

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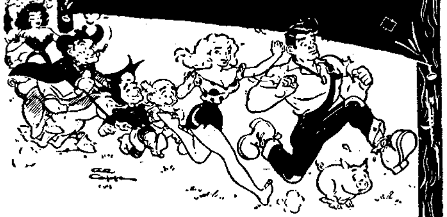

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physicist I talked with did take the Soviet scientists mildly to task for being shifty about their plans. He told me that at an I.G.Y. meeting in Washington on October 2nd, two days before the launching of Sputnik I, Dr. Anatoli Arkadyevich Blagonravov, the leader of the Soviet delegation, delivered a talk on satellite orbits in which he based all his calculations on the dimensions of the twenty-inch American satellite scheduled to be launched next spring, the implication clearly being that no other model existed. Then, on Sputnik I's birthday, Dr. Blagonravov relaxed sufficiently to say that shortly before he left for the United States, he had seen the satellite's vehicle in its launching stand "in the middle-European-latitude portion of the Soviet Union." This kind of evasiveness isn't a pleasant thing to contemplate in a man of science, the American physicist told me, but then he added, "Of course, the dictates of the Party line can be harsh."

THE American scientist on whom the burdens of the international contest lie most heavily is Dr. Hagen, who headed the Naval Research Laboratory's atmosphere and astrophysics division before taking his present assignment. As the director of Project Vanguard, which seems to have become the popular symbol of our scientific progress, he spends his time conferring with Pentagon brass, testifying before Congress, seeing journalists, and delivering lectures to civic groups, in addition to overseeing the technicalities of getting a moon up. "Before the Project got under way, I'd have predicted that John couldn't stand up under all this frenzy and pressure," a colleague of Dr. Hag-

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en's told me. "It's amazing how well he's learned to swim in a goldfish bowl." Dr. Hagen could not get to Cape Canaveral for the recent shoot, but he was at the end of a direct telephone line to Florida, listening as his deputy, J. Paul Walsh, intoned the final seconds of the countdown. He himself was relaying what he heard to four members of his staff, crowded around him in a small soundproof room at Vanguard headquarters, and it was from one of them that I learned of those anxious moments. "Five . . . Four . . . Three . . . Two . . . One . . . Zero," Dr. Hagen had called out. "Ignition! It's left the pad. It blew up! It blew up! A lot of smoke. Some flame." Then Dr. Hagen asked Walsh, "Is everyone all right?" and, getting his answer, said to one of the staff members, "Give the reporters the news, and make sure they know everyone's all right."

I had met Dr. Hagen last spring, and in the course of my recent visit to Washington I called on him in his office—a high-ceilinged, modestly furnished room, with a desk at one end and a long conference table in the center. A large map of the world hung on one wall, and on a shelf below it were two globes, a microscope, and a black lunch pail, filled, I knew, with Dr. Hagen's daily complement of sandwiches. Dr. Hagen, who is forty-nine, is a ruminative pipe-smoker, and he wears gold-rimmed glasses, through which his brown eyes gleam cordially. His manner is calm and unhurried, his voice deliberate and even. He is slight of physique, but seems to be blessed with a metabolism that keeps him resilient for his duties. I asked him whether he had lost any weight since taking on Project Vanguard, and he said, "I don't know—I haven't had time to weigh myself."

Dr. Hagen has been attacked in various quarters for the debacle at Cape Canaveral, but he appears to be taking it all philosophically. "Of course, I get upset a bit by needling criticism," he admitted, "but I haven't let it get me down. On the whole, the situation is not as black as it's been painted. People realize they're living in a technological age, and they want to keep up with the game, so they get agitated when they think this country is falling behind, but back of their agitation is a good deal of understanding—more and more of it all the time. Since the war, I'd say, our people have become accustomed to the idea that science costs money, and now I think they're willing to invest in pure research. How else can one explain the funds that

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have been appropriated for our I.G.Y. work or for something like the National Radio Astronomy Observatory?" Assuming the eventual success of Project Vanguard, Dr. Hagen said he could see certain positive advantages arising from the present situation. For one thing, Congress was consulting increasingly with scientists, and in a most constructive way. For another, an upswing in the teaching of science was clearly in the cards. "Not that I want everyone turning scientist," Dr. Hagen added quickly. "The country would be in a hell of a fix if that happened. It doesn't do for a country to be lopsided in its interests. Our youngsters must be educated in the humanities, too, and that goes for science and engineering majors. To put it in the simplest terms, they have got to learn how to express themselves. A lab, you know, is a report mill, and what good are unintelligible reports? During the war, when I was working on radar, I had some newly graduated engineers under me, and I can still remember how inarticulate most of them were. I spent so much time correcting their grammar and punctuation that I began to think of myself as an English teacher."

As for the future of Project Vanguard, Dr. Hagen said the morale of his staff was good, though that of the field men had suffered for a time, and now they were all looking forward to the next try. The first rocket's flaw had been determined, and it was not, in Dr. Hagen's phrase, "of back-to-the-drawing-board magnitude." Slow-motion movies, the debris of the shattered vehicle, and data relayed by the satellite's transmitter had enabled the Vanguard people to diagnose the cause of the explosion, and the autopsy would continue until the defect was pinpointed beyond all question. "Not that something different couldn't go wrong next time," Dr. Hagen said. The rocket that exploded was not the only fully assembled Vanguard at the Project's disposal, he went on. The Project had, of course, been prepared for the possibility of failure, and it had two other Vanguards on hand—"backup" vehicles, Dr. Hagen called them. One of these would be the next to fly. "Perhaps we should have made more of the backups in explaining the Project to the public," Dr. Hagen said reflectively, but then he shook his head. He wasn't at all certain, he said, that any one thing could have affected the turn public interest in the test had taken; namely, whether or not the satellite could be established in an orbit. Actually, he went on, the major purpose of this particular venture had not been to launch a satellite but to test the assembled rocket, and it was only last August that he and his colleagues had decided that when the test came off, it might as well include the attempted launching of a small moon. The damaged satellite had been brought to him from Florida the day after the explosion by one of his assistants, and he told me that he intended to hold on to it. "Right now," he said, "we're pleased with it for surviving its ordeal, but after we get a satellite up, we'll want it as a museum piece."

—Daniel Lang

• •

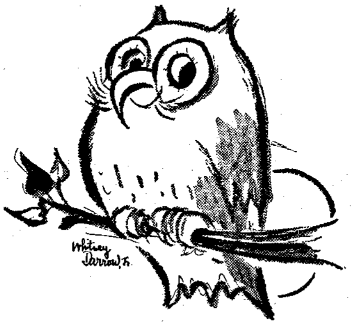
REUNION RECOLLECTED

When you remember all the bother,
Mother,
When they gather
Together
For that annual blather,
That grand pother filled with palaver,
With the old all sullen and the youths a-blither,
Wouldn't you rather
Pack uncle, niece, god- and stepfather,
Nephew and cousin and prodigal brother,
All birds of a feather,
Into some leather
Or plastic album or other,
Peopled with pictures rather
Than people, to open in winter weather,
Together with father, turning them over—
Ned, Nelly, and Arthur—
And loving them more the more they are farther,
Rather
Than gathering further
To father this lather?

—Jon Swan

Cancer can't strike me, I'm hiding.

What I don't know won't hurt me.


Whitney Darrow Jr.

Cancer?

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MUSICAL EVENTS

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RECENTLY, in rereading E. T. A. Hoffmann's delightful little essay on Mozart's "Don Giovanni," I was reminded of a certain fogginess in the popular terms "classical" and "romantic," which has been bothering me for a long time. Hoffmann, who is usually included among the German romantic authors, was, of course, a contemporary of Mozart's, and it is interesting to note that what struck him about Mozart's masterpiece was not the purity of form that is supposed to be characteristic of "classicism" but the opera's unbridled emotionalism and passion. The inference might be drawn that great music is apt to be regarded as "romantic" by its contemporaries, and that only when its musical language has dated sufficiently to seem a bit archaic do people begin to discern in it those qualities they like to call "classical." I am not sure that this is true, but it *is* true that the two terms are extraordinarily vague. Many composers belonging to the "romantic" era—Verdi, Bellini, and Mendelssohn, for example—showed the reverence for tradition and the preöccupation with simplicity and formal elegance that one thinks of as typically "classical," and even Richard Wagner, that most romantic of romanticists, came remarkably close to formal perfection in some of his finest works, notably "Tristan und Isolde." Perhaps the answer is that all really great music is romantic, in the sense that it conveys passion, poetry, joy, and melancholy, and at the same time classical, in the sense that it does so within the framework of an elegant and well-turned design. This, I think, can be said of all musical masterpieces, from Monteverdi to Richard Strauss. And though it would be idle to maintain that musical fashions did not change between the seventeenth and the twentieth centuries (certainly some nineteenth-century "romanticists" were more individualistic than the "classicists" of the eighteenth century, and used different techniques and larger frames), the fact remains that both "classicists" and "romanticists" were occupied in conveying emotions of one sort or another by means of controlled design. Thus, the conception of classicism as mere formalism, devoid of emotional content, has no historical validity whatever, and is, indeed, no more than an illusion propagated by musicologists, pedants, atonalists, "neo-classicists," and others who are interested in the techniques of music divorced from the emotions they are intended to express.

I was again reminded of this problem last week when I attended the revival of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" at the Metropolitan Opera House. This infinitely noble work is, of course, the oldest opera included in what is known as the standard repertoire, and its slightly static drama and simple, melodious vocal line make it what many people would regard as the most classic of "classical" works. Yet the history of its performance—which has involved countless revisions, interpolations, changes in the type of voice used in the main masculine role, additions of ballet music, and so on (many of them made by Gluck himself)—shows that its over-all design has never constituted perfection; indeed, critics were at one time considerably worried by the famous aria "Che farò," which they thought trivial and completely out of key with the rest of the work. I bring this up not in order to disparage Gluck's achievement, which time has shown to be a superb work of art, but in order to point out that what makes it a masterpiece is not any particular purity of form. On the contrary, what has drawn audiences to "Orfeo" for nearly two hundred years, and caused them to weep, groan, and feel elation, is the human passion that Gluck has infused into it—in other words, the romantic element that pervades its classical musical language. It would doubtless be absurd to call "Orfeo" a romantic opera, but it would be equally absurd to assume that Gluck, in writing it, was actuated by artistic motives very different from those that impelled Wagner and Verdi to write great opera a hundred years later.

As for the performance of "Orfeo" the other night, I had some reservations about it. Max Rudolf, who conducted, paced things rather heavily, compared to Pierre Monteux, who was the last conductor of the work that I remember at the Metropolitan. Risë Stevens' dramatic impersonation of Orpheus remains a dignified and compelling one, but in the opening scenes her voice was troubled by a vibrato, which she managed to escape to some extent later on. Hilde Gueden's Euridice was polished and quite satisfying; the dancing of Alicia Markova was entirely charming; and the lesser roles, sung by Emilia

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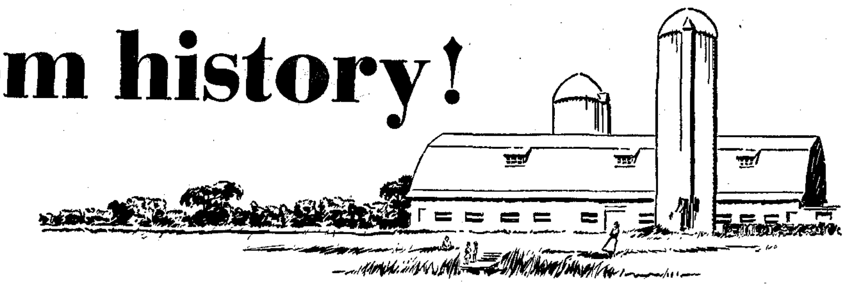

Demosthenes and Cicero were important broadcasters in their day, without benefit of microphones or network. A long time after, an English historian made a significant comment.

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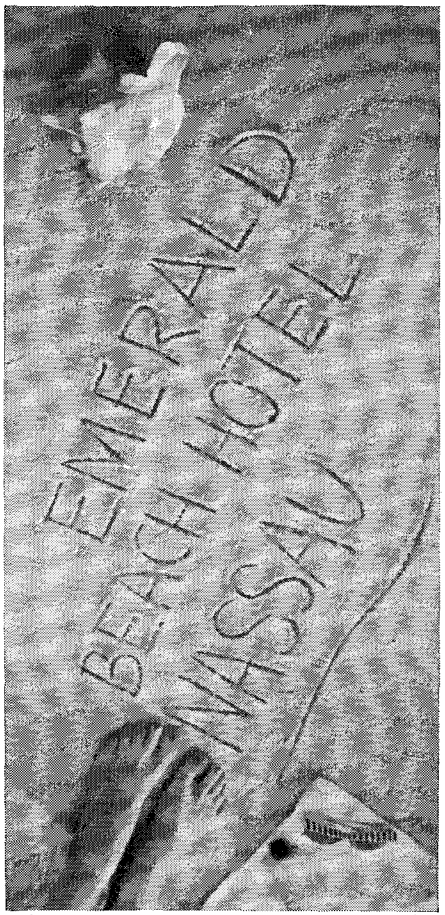

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Cundari, Mildred Allen, and Helen Vanni, were decently, though not brilliantly, done. Gluck was undoubtedly the hero of the evening, and his wonderful, expressive melodies again exerted the power that makes "Orfeo" a masterpiece independent of time or musical fashion.

A GOOD deal of the best music criticism has always been written by people who are not critics by profession. Some of the best that has recently come to my attention is in a small volume called "Speaking of Pianists . . ." by Abram Chasins (Knopf). Mr. Chasins was at one time a prominent concert pianist, composer, and teacher, and is now music director of WQXR. In turning to criticism after many years spent as a professional musician, he brings profound knowledge and insight to bear on the special field of piano playing, and since he is a remarkably lucid and entertaining writer and thinker, the things he has to say will interest everyone concerned with what is perhaps the noblest of all instruments. He analyzes, with great perception, the mysterious factors that distinguish the true virtuoso from the mere digital mechanic, and discusses the unfortunate decline in understanding of the piano on the part of present-day composers—a decline that has tended to make them treat it as a percussion instrument, rather than the rich vehicle for expression that it once was. His heroes—who, I might say, are mine, too—include Josef Hofmann, Godowsky, Rachmaninoff, Schnabel, Paderewski, Backhaus, Rubinstein, and Gieseking, but he has something pertinent to say about nearly every noted piano artist, past or present, as well as about the literature of the piano. "Speaking of Pianists . . ." is the work of a specialist, but it is written in an agreeably nontechnical style that makes it quite accessible to the ordinary reader.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Miguel Aleman, former president of Mexico, can stop worrying about the junior Miguel's romance with young French beauty, Christine Martell. The Gallic miss, a former Miss Universe, was the magnet that drew young Aleman to France last June. He not only is back from the Continent, without having married Miss Universe, (as he predicted) but is having a gold charm bracelet whipped up by designer G. Dewey Sullivan for another beauty named Myrna Finlason. The inscription on the bracelet reads "Siempre Tuyo" and is signed "Miguelito." Our Spanish friends tell us that "siempre" means faithful and "tuyo" means always. *—Charles Ventura in the Herald Tribune.*

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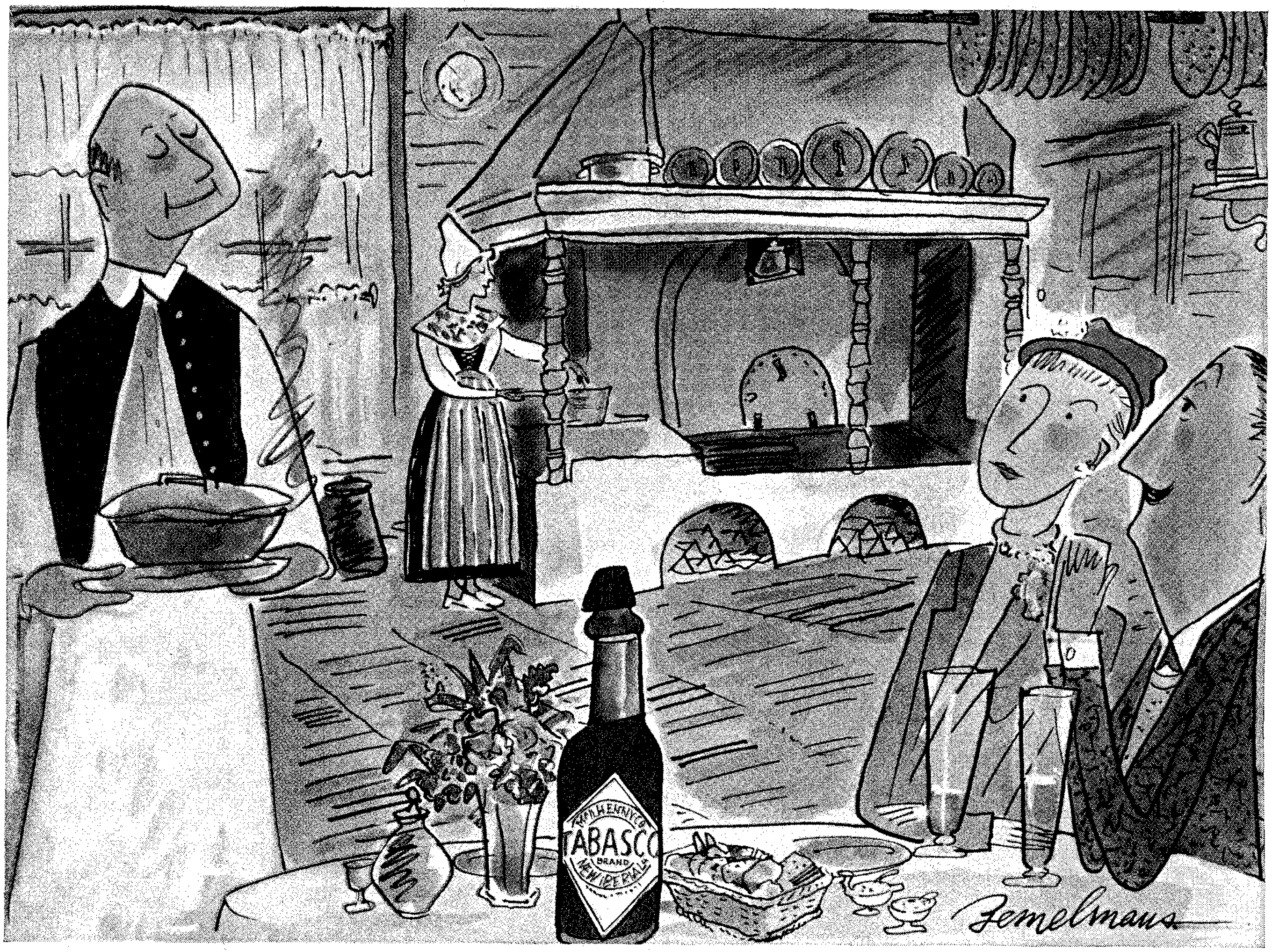

AN UNEXPECTED ADVENTURE IN

Stockholm

In a city famous for its crystal and silverware, one expects to find foods as elaborate as the table settings. While this often occurs, one of the most popular Swedish dishes is really very simple.

I discovered this when the chef of a small restaurant introduced me to *faar i kaal,* an inspired creation of lamb and cabbage.

When I asked what made so simple a dish so distinctive, the chef said, "A hint of dill and a judicious touch of Tabasco.* Especially the Tabasco. Unlike ground pepper, this liquid seasoning spreads mellow flavor all through the dish."

"I can understand that," I told him, "for I have visited Louisiana. And I have seen those bright red peppers being aged in old casks till they are ripe and mellow."

I thanked him for showing me such a wonderful way to enjoy my favorite pepper sauce.

"My thanks to you Americans," he said, "for giving the world Tabasco. To repay you, here is the recipe for *faar i kaal.* Slowly cook lamb 20 minutes in saucepan with water. Place between layers of cabbage sprinkled with mixed flour, salt, dill weed. Add Tabasco to liquid. Cook until tender, about 1 hour."

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Smorgasbord Sauce—Blend ½ cup sour cream with 1 teaspoon horseradish, ¼ teaspoon each of salt, sugar, Tabasco. Chill. Serve with cold salmon, roast beef, asparagus, green beans.

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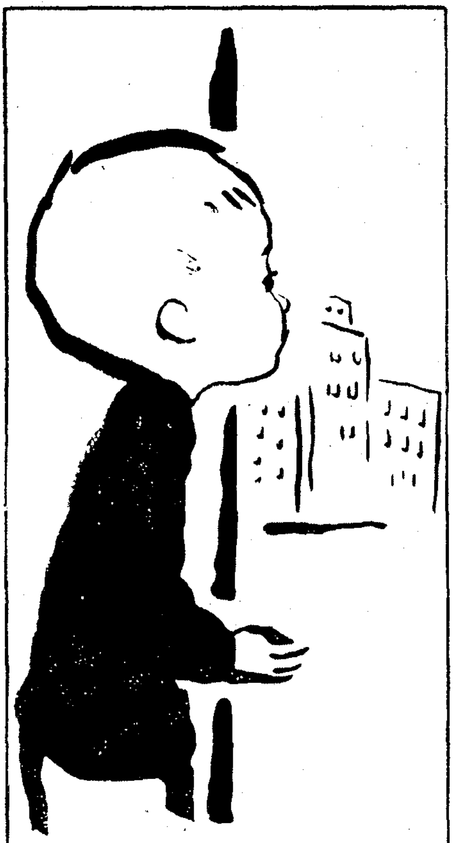
Photo opposite page by Frederic Maura

LUCKY, LUCKY ME

I WAS born at the Fifth Avenue Hospital at nine o'clock in the evening on March 24, 1930, at which time a star called *α* Lyncis was directly over me. This *α* Lyncis, according to Schlesinger and Jenkins' "Catalogue of Bright Stars," is orange, of the third magnitude, and, spectrographically, unusually strong in the iron, calcium, and titanium absorption lines. It is also a lucky star, according to the New York *Times*. In a recent issue, the *Times* carried an advertisement for the Arthur Murray School of Dancing that asked "Were You Born under a Lucky Star?" and went on to say, "Here's how to find out if you were. . . . 1. Write your name next to the [zodiacal] sign of the month you were born. 2. Then circle any 2 letters of your name that match any 2 letters of your sign." If you could do this, the ad said, you were born under a lucky star. Included in the ad was a chart of the zodiac—copyrighted, somehow, by Mr. Murray—and by writing my name next to my sign, Aries, and circling the "s" and the "a" in my name and the "s" and "a" in "Aries" I learned that the star I was born under was indeed a lucky one.

"If you are lucky," the ad continued, "you win a $35.00 Arthur Murray Dance Course. And . . . you can look forward to a bright, new future." Demonstrably, I was lucky. I had won the course; I looked forward to the future. However, I also looked at the New York *Post*, and happened to see *its* advertisement for its probe of the Arthur Murray Dance Course. ("See how fast the man's attentive instructress cools when she finds he's not interested in more lessons. Discover . . .") Well, I didn't take the course, but I did give a little thought to the providence of being born under a lucky star. Calling to mind the birthdays of truly successful people, I calculated that George Washington was a Pisces, and, circling the "e" and the "s" in his name and the "e" and "s" in "Pisces," I found that he, too, was born under a lucky star. I found next that Abraham Lincoln, an Aquarius, was born under a lucky star, and then I discovered that every other President of the United States was born under one. Clearly, I was in very distinguished company. I opened a British *Who's Who* and a *Who's Who in America*, and, scanning the first fifty or so people there, I determined that all except one were born under a lucky star. The exception was Mr. Maxwell Ab-



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JU 6-3070

bell, a lawyer-accountant who said he was born in Poland on February 22, 1902, which makes him an unlucky Pisces. But as there wasn't any Poland in 1902, I suspect that Mr. Abbell's memory is not serving him right, and that he, like the other eminent men, was really born lucky.

The next day, I told a few of my friends about the benignity of my birth, and they, congratulating me, did a bit of mental orthography and learned that they, too, had been born under lucky stars. Obviously, I was moving in a charmed circle, and I went home that evening in a warm, galactic glow.

As it turned out, I was living in a fool's paradise. My first inkling of this came the next morning at the Grand Central Station post office, where I went to mail a package. Standing in line and looking idly at the "WANTED" signs on the bulletin board, I happened to see that George Cole, a robber and a grand larcener, was born on the same day as I, March 24th, and it suddenly struck me that he was an Aries and, like me, was born under an l. s. "Cole," the "WANTED" sign read, "is being sought for the murder of a police officer. He reportedly has stated he will shoot any police officer attempting to apprehend him. Cole is armed and should be considered extremely dangerous." To me, Cole did not seem an especially lucky fellow; at any rate, he wasn't the sort I would care to have in my Arthur Murray Dance Course. Uneasily, I went on to another sign, and found that William B. Feemster, Jr., a felonious assaulter, a robber, an alleged murderer, and a Scorpio, was also born under a lucky star—not only according to his real name but also his aliases, James T. Pheemster, Wilbur T. Chance, Speed, etc. Also born under a lucky star was Shelton Beasley, a fugitive Gemini, and also, indeed, was every one of the fifty-five men "wanted" at the post office. By now quite upset, I hurried home and took another look at my reference books. I found that Louis XVI was born under a lucky star, as was Charles I. As were Amelia Earhart, Aaron Burr, Robespierre, Neville Chamberlain, Sacco, Vanzetti, Marshal Zhukov, Albert Anastasia, Joan of Arc, and Alger Hiss. As was everybody I looked up. As was everybody I spoke to—laundrymen, subway conductors, pin boys, orthodontists, and so on. As, it seems, is practically everybody with as many as four or five letters in his name; i.e., practically everybody but Mr. Abbell and U Nu. In fact, I haven't come across

"My name is Inge Andersen, I am a Dane. I come from the city of Hadsten. In the United States I am a secretary to a Danish executive. I have seen George Tanier's selections of Danish furniture and lighting and I would say without hesitation, that they are certainly representative of the best things being made in Denmark today.
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MOLLY PITCHER HOTEL, Red Bank, N.J.

anyone else who wasn't born under a lucky star.

Well, it would, I suppose, be quite uncharitable of me to cavil at this state of affairs, and I won't. I do worry about Arthur Murray, though. If everybody in New York City was born under a lucky star, Mr. Murray is going to be out $272,841,485 in dance lessons. According to the *Post*, he is capitalized at only $65,000,000, which means that he'll be bankrupt even before he is through Manhattan.

On the other hand, according to *Who's Who in America*, his birthday was April 4, 1895—Arthur is an Aries. He was born under a lucky star. So good luck, old fellow! You're going to need it.

—JOHN SACK

•

Fellows, it's time to begin to communicate! From Maine to Mississippi, from the sands of Martha's Vineyard to the portals of that Golden Gate—there are many messages to be relayed. Can inner or outer space handle the traffic? How about the Frequency? Don't worry, boys, we're in. We are all on the same WAVE LENGTH—

1933

Yea Man . . . Hold that Tiger . . . Oh Sue, you Sweet Sue.

Leave us stay on the beam, however, and give you the pitch. This is no appeal for scratch . . . not yet. Hell, No!! To put this sheet out may cost a buck, no question. But your Music Committee can take it, up to $37.50. It is, though, an appeal to each one of you to get ready to cast care aside and truck on down with the boys come June of '58.

Look, our talk is plain, uncomplicated. So we can write it, and all of you can understand it. If you want the old H. S. Elizabethan style try the Yale Review or Depussy's Anthology of Macedonian Verse. If you like your material easy and straight, finish the page. Thanks.

O.K? Most of us think Yale is a pretty good place. Quite a few, too, figure the Class of '33 is not the worst that ever emanated therefrom. So we did spend more time in West Haven and Waterbury than in Sterling Library. As Mayor Wagner so aptly phrases it, "It was in the pursuit . . . of knowledge." Some of the fellows always held you could only learn so much from books.—*Communication received by a Yale alumnus.*

And they were right.

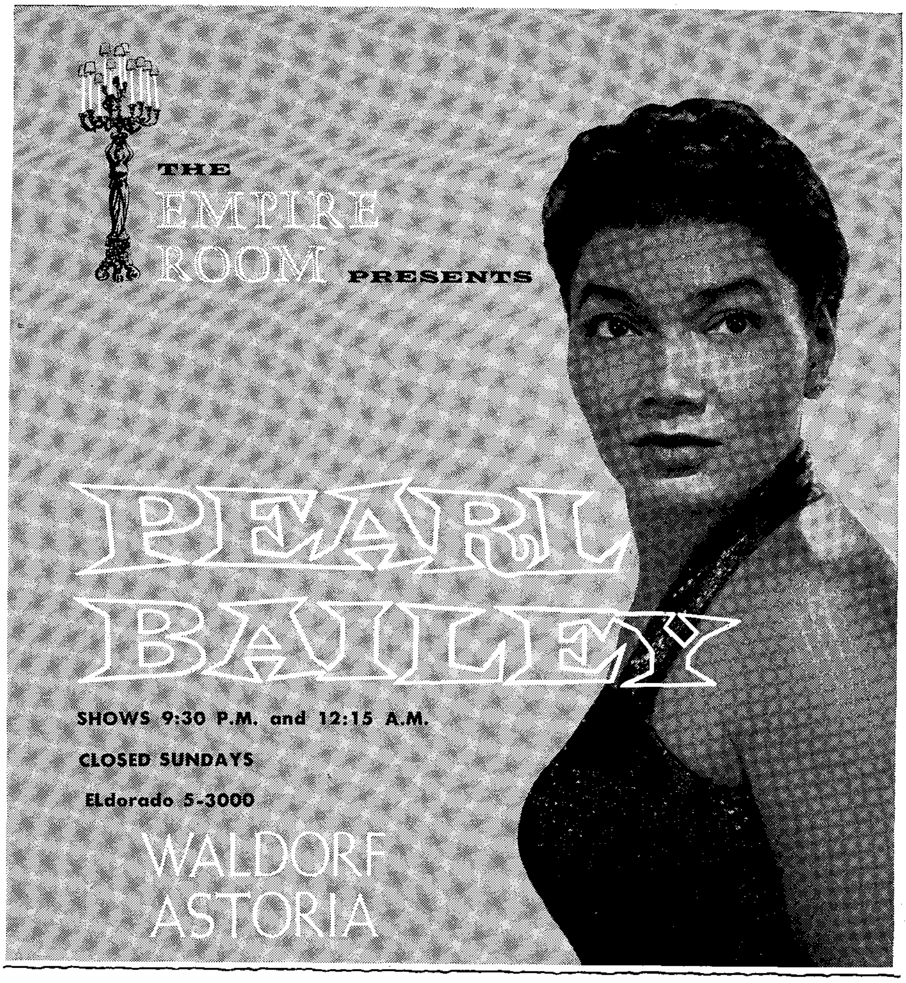
•

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[*Kaminski v. Grand Trunk W. R. Co. 347 Mich. 417*]

It is thus right to say that the trial judge's immediate duty, motion for direction having been made with address to the rule of conjectural choice between equally plausible inferences, is to determine on favorable view of the inference plaintiff relies upon whether it stands equiponderant at best with such as is, or are, urged by the defendant.

OPENING TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31



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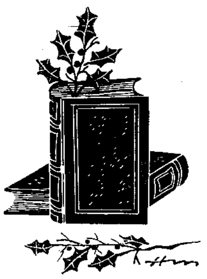
BOOKS

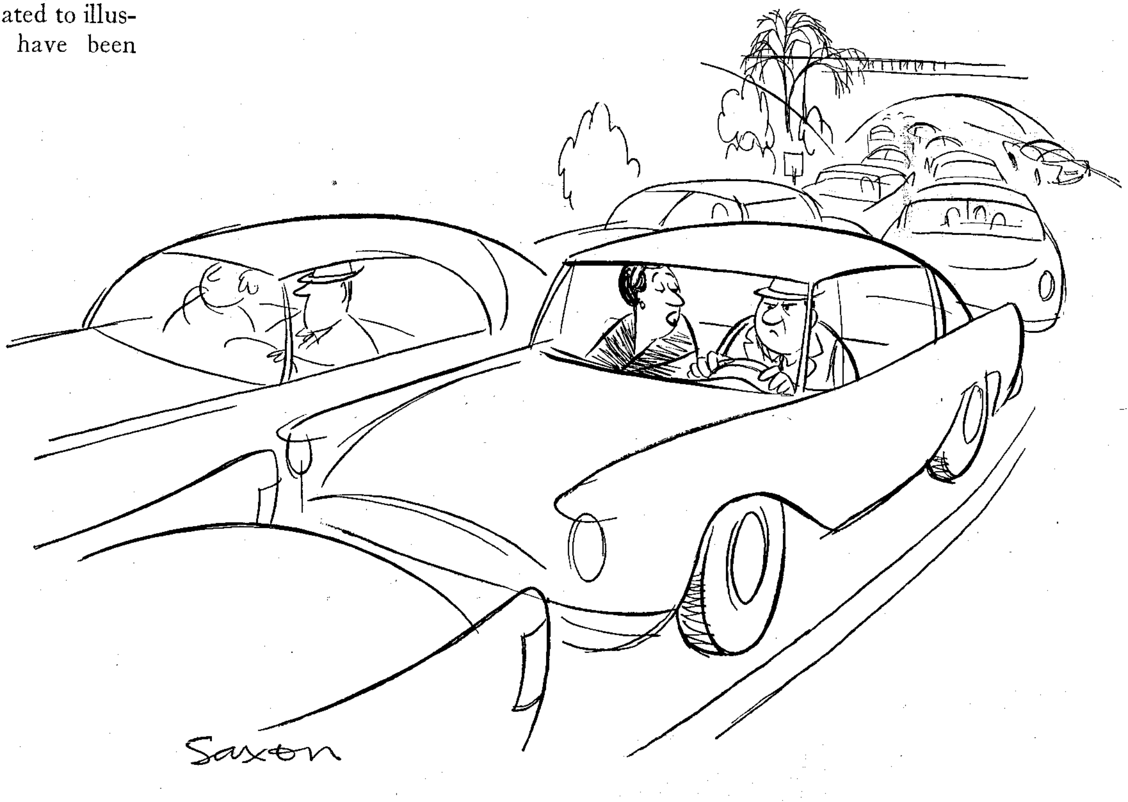
American Folk Art



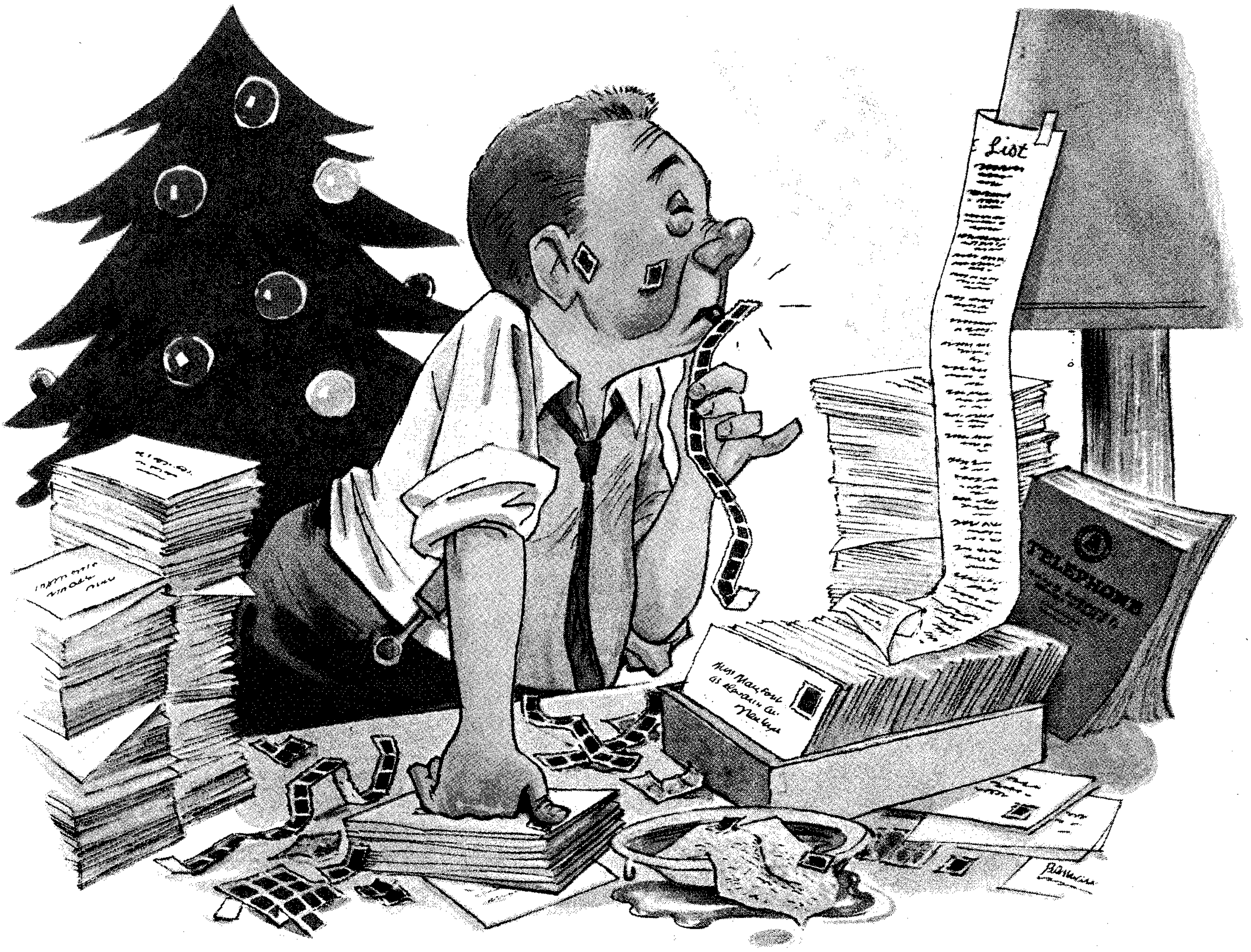
"I AM not an architectural historian," says Mr. John Maass in the beginning of his "The Gingerbread Age" (Rinehart), and he is quite right. He is not. He writes about remarkable Victorian houses, exhibition halls, and railway stations with zest and abandon. Not for him the smelling out of sources as though all drains lead back to some thrilling world sewer, not for him an angry controversy with some *Kunsthistoriker* from a rival university, not for him the hasty withdrawing of a definite statement with a hesitant qualification. He likes what he is writing about and he does not say why. I suspect he occupies no chair in a seat of learning. He says an object, be it mansard roof or Mormon temple, is "handsome" or "stunning," and he leaves a photograph or engraving to support his adjective. His downright bludgeoning manner of writing leads him to make some misstatements which it will give great pleasure to art historians to correct, such as that Albert, Prince Consort, designed Osborne and Balmoral. But mistakes are compensated for by enthusiasm, theories are subordinated to illustrations, and illustrations have been chosen with the eye of an artist instead of with the myopic gaze of the classifier. This is an improvement on the average art historian's thesis, because it has far more illustrations than text and they are big and well reproduced, though none, alas, are in color. They include typography, furniture, wallpapers, and domestic appliances as well as buildings.

The fancy building of America between 1850 and 1890, which is roughly the period of this book, cannot often be called architecture. It is really exterior decoration and as much subject to rapid changes of fashion as its more ladylike sister, interior decoration. Mr. Maass divides it into Gothic, Italianate, Mansardic, and a mixture of all styles that he describes as "Unexplored Territory." His final chapter pays a deserved tribute to the artists who have rediscovered the pictorial qualities of this unique heritage of original and extraordinary building. Mr. Maass is a comparatively young man who has lived in Central Europe. He has, therefore, an eye that is open to the great buildings and decorations of an older civilization, and can thus assess the vital and original quality of Victorian American which must strike all European visitors who use their eyes. Grant Wood's "American Gothic" (1930) and Hopper's "House by the Railroad" (1925) first apprised me of what I might see if I came to America. But when, for the first time in my life, I visited it this year, I found that wherever I walked in the inner suburbs of Cincinnati I was reminded of the drawings of Charles Addams, and whenever I looked at railroad stations (except the vast Paris-modern one in that city) I was reminded of the drawings of Saul Steinberg, which preserve that wiry flimsiness associated with the fanciful work of Victorian civil engineers.

The process of looking at buildings pictorially, as does Mr. Maass, leads him to pull up with a shock at real architecture, solid bone-structure stuff with serious theory behind it. This makes him antipathetic to H. H. Richardson, whom he calls "grim," and Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright, the trio who are usually heralded as pioneers of twentieth-century "contemporary" among the Victorian architects in America. Such a reaction is understandable. Mr. Maass is looking at buildings with his eyes on their surfaces, their color and texture, and their effect on the skyline. Art historians look at them possibly too much from the point of view of structure and certainly too much from the point of view of their being pioneers of style. To speak purely pictorially of the three, Richardson is in the Scottish baronial tradition, with a love of stone surfaces and fortresslike effects achieved by strong bases and solid turrets and towers rather than battlements, domes, knobs, and spires; Sullivan is a fascinating decorator in the *art-nouveau* manner, with a most original sense of detail beautifully scaled to his buildings (I often wonder about his little-known partner Adler. Who was he? Was he a genius? Did he like Sullivan?); Frank Lloyd Wright is the product of the



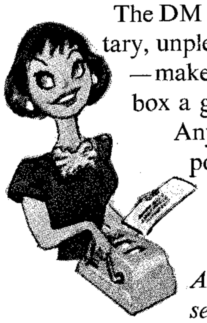
"Why don't you admit it? All the time you're snarling at those drivers, it's me you're really snarling at."



"I'm tempted to get a postage meter!"

There's nothing like the annual Christmas card mailing stampede to convince a man (a) that getting out the mail is a slow, tedious, messy job, and (b) that the girls in his office are right in needling him for a postage meter!

Once upon a time, meters were used only by big firms. But not so today. Now there's a postage meter, with all the advantages of metered mail, for even the smallest office. It's the DM, little desk model meter. One out of three users spends an average of less than $1 a day for postage.



The DM postage meter ends unsanitary, unpleasant licking and sticking—makes the old-fashioned stamp box a genuine museum piece.

Anyone can easily use a DM postage meter, save time and postage. Dial the amount wanted, press the lever, and your letter is stamped. *And there's a moistener for sealing envelopes.*

The DM *prints*, directly on the envelope, the exact amount of postage for any class of mail, (on special gummed tape for parcel post), *with* a dated postmark that helps speed your mail through the postoffice, often catching earlier trains or planes. Prints your own small ad at the same time, if you like.

The postoffice sets the meter for as much postage as you want to buy. Your postage in the meter is safe from loss, damage or misuse—and automatically accounted for.

There's a postage meter, electric or hand-operated, for every office, large or small. Ask the nearest PB office to show you. Or send the coupon for free illustrated booklet.

FREE: *Handy desk or wall chart of Postal Rates, with parcel post map and zone finder.*

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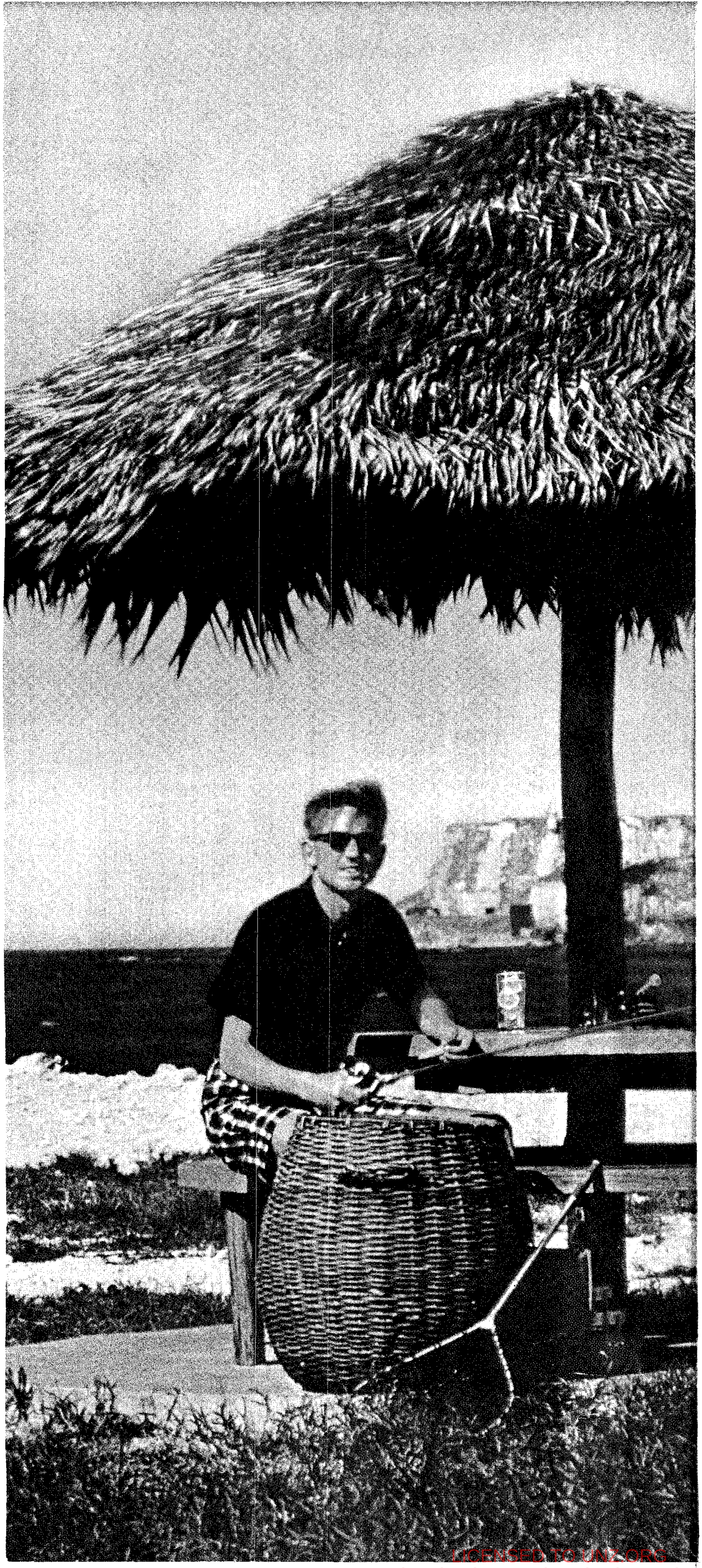

"Puerto Rico is full of sunshine, and so is the rum!"

says Dandridge Caldwell
of Nashville, Tennessee

"Puerto Rico is a delightful island," says Dan Caldwell. "Everything is drenched in sunshine. Even the rum.

"I hadn't tasted rum in twelve years when I went to Puerto Rico. Ordered a rum and tonic there and was I surprised! That rum is *dry*. Light as a breeze. It makes the best tonic drink I ever tasted.

"I really went for the climate in Puerto Rico. You tan during the day and sleep under a blanket at night. The trade winds are marvellously cool and refreshing. Perfect weather for vacations."

◀ Cocktail hour finds Dan Caldwell relaxing across Bahía de San Juan from an ancient Spanish fortress. "*Rum* and tonic is the word at my house after this," says Mr. Caldwell now. "You can quote me on that."

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Rum Promotion
Division, 579 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

arts-and-crafts movement and William Morris, and has much in common with Goodhue and Cram. His work is Morris principles applied to Japanese teahouses.

Mr. Maass's book is a splendid antidote to such priggish theories as I have indulged in above. He delights in the texture, shape, and color of American Gingerbread buildings just as John Piper, the modern English typographical artist and painter, does in hitherto despised Nonconformist chapels of Wales. He sees Gingerbread as what it really is, a folk art built out of joy in fanciful effects and ingenious fretwork and startling colors. It is as convinced and adventurous as the latest thirty-story aquarium for stenographers in the center of a big city, and no more ridiculous.

One warning, however: The uncritical admiration of all Gingerbread work is much more tiresome than the uncritical admiration of Regency. Much Gingerbread is shoddy and not worth keeping. One has to have a selective and trained eye for it, to pick out the badly made from the well made, the exciting from the dull. As Mr. Maass says, "Interesting Victorian buildings may be found anywhere—in the city, the suburb, the town, the village, the countryside, just off Main Street or right on it." His book makes us aware of them. But our eyes make us know which to keep and which to allow to be torn down. Our eyes are educated by structure as well as by decoration. Though the work of Richardson, Sullivan, and Wright may not be the only "important" Victorian architecture, neither is every bit of bargeboard and every mansard roof.

I hope Mr. Maass will extend his range to the early twentieth century and bring back into fashion Goodhue, Cram, and Ferguson, and even Cass Gilbert. Gilbert's Woolworth Building is still, for me, easily the most satisfactory finial on the New York skyline. It is romantic, in scale with the buildings below it, and fine near to or at a distance. Mr. Maass might also reassess the heavy Edwardian classic, which, in his present mood, is naturally distasteful to him. He will come round to it. We all do. —JOHN BETJEMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MIST OVER TALLA, by Audrey Erskine Lindop (Doubleday). Harriet Godden, an attractive, unemployed Englishwoman with no special talents or training, answers a curiously worded

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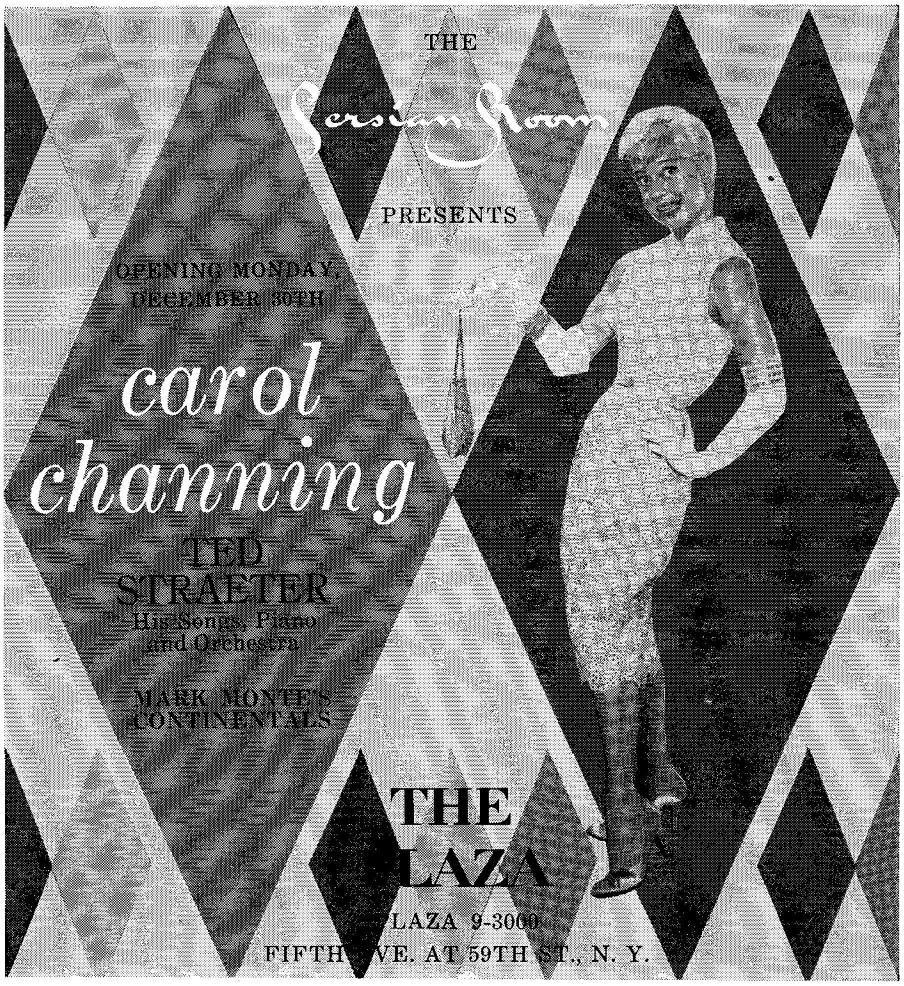
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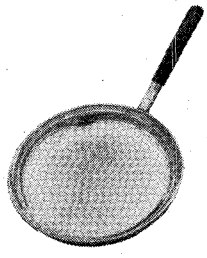

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advertisement in a London newspaper and finds herself engaged as companion and watchdog to an angelically beautiful young girl whose husband feels that she should never be left alone, even for a minute. The husband, Lead Stewart, is handsome and saturnine and taciturn. The Stewarts live in mysterious seclusion in Shropshire, and it is in their comfortable and well-staffed home that the action of the story, which consists mainly of an unravelling of the unhappy past, takes place. Mrs. Lindop has a natural gift for this kind of book—the romantic English mystery with a richly appointed background and dark overtones—but her work is somewhat hasty, especially toward the end, as though she could hardly wait to spring the surprise she has been saving, a two-sided surprise that is at once comic and pathetic.

THE TWO LIVES OF AN-MARIE, by Muriel Molland Jernigan (Crown). A sweet, trite story set in Peking in the nineteen-thirties. An-Marie T'ang, a Eurasian girl who is very pretty and young and rich, suffers a certain amount of anguish as she tries to choose between the two directions in which her mixed heritage is pulling her. The ending is happy, with all threads neatly tied.

LET GEORGE DO IT!, by John Foster (Harcourt, Brace). This funny and welcome little book deals with a young, unintelligent nobody, Peter Martin, who, at the whim of a small-time-politician friend, agrees to run for the Democratic nomination for a seat in an undesignated state legislature, and—with the help of some strategies (cards sent out to Negro voters have a picture of a Negro on them, instead of the customary picture of Martin, while those sent to voters of Italian descent are labelled "Pietro Martin") that would have made Boss Tweed blanch—wins.

GENERAL

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR, edited by Francis Trevelyan Miller (Yoseloff). A new edition, in five large but not unwieldy volumes, of the monumental ten-volume work that was first published in 1911, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Civil War, and has long been out of print. As might be expected, at least half the photographs, of which there are nearly four thousand, are the work of the ubiquitous Brady; the others

A **ZESTFUL** Time...
Spent in **RESTFUL**
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... The unsurpassed luxury of the glamorous Lido Biltmore Club . . . on the blue Gulf of Mexico and the snow-white sands of fairest-of-all Sarasota . . . Florida at its richest and greenest . . . Sumptuous surroundings, lavish rooms, superb cuisine, every opportunity for gaiety and recreation. Swimming from spacious private beach. Choice of many fine golf courses.
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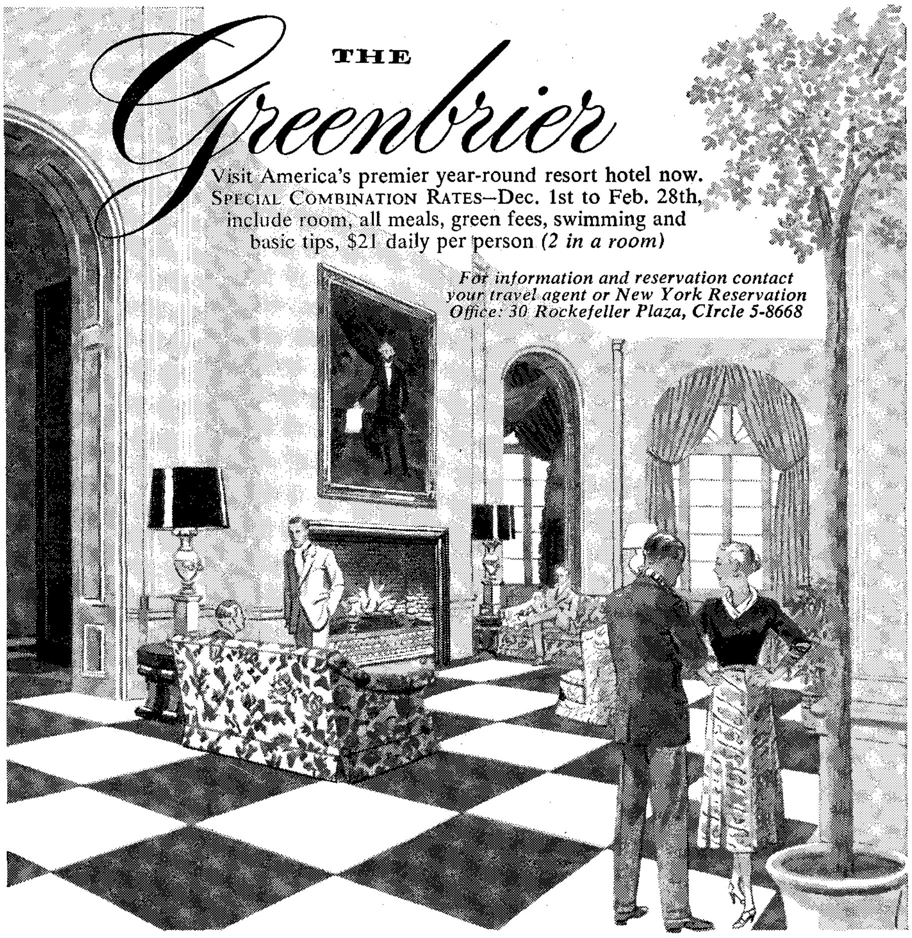
are by such comparably gifted, if less renowned, camera pioneers as Gardner, Roche, Russell, and Cooley (on the Union side) and Lytle, Siebert, Cook, and Edwards (in the Confederacy). It goes without saying that many of the pictures are comfortably familiar (the history has, of course, been well picked over by two generations of looters), but the bulk of the material is beautifully fresh and, in this day of shiny masterpieces, superlatively real and rugged—Lee's arrogant ragamuffins lounging in the field, Grant and his rumpled staff at an impromptu churchyard conference, General O. B. Wilcox (USA) cheerfully watching a cockfight, the Confederate scout Vespasian Chancellor looking every inch an assassin. All the pictures are neatly captioned, and there is a running commentary, by various authoritative hands, on the campaigns and battles. The general subjects covered include infantry, cavalry, artillery, and naval operations, the work of spies and irregulars, life in prison and in camp, and the songs and poems that beguiled the opposing troops. As the outrider for this new edition, Henry Steele Commager contributes a characteristically incisive introduction. Forty dollars.

VIEW TO THE SOUTHEAST, by Santha Rama Rau (Harper). It is the author's somewhat unconventional opinion that "the arts and pleasures of a country are . . . probably the quickest and most painless path to 'understanding,' " but while this point of view may serve the traveller well, it has not produced a notably "understanding" book. The countries whose arts and pleasures are here displayed include the Philippines, Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand, Bali, and Burma, and it must be said that Miss Rama Rau is capable of catching the image of a fête, a fishing village, a restaurant, or a coiling mountain road with almost photographic clarity; moreover, the images she shows us are, in the main, agreeably unfamiliar. Most of the book originally appeared in *Holiday* as part of that magazine's New World of Asia series. End-paper maps.

ENGLISH ECCENTRICS, by Edith Sitwell (Vanguard). A fine new edition of an ageless ramble—first published in 1933—through the brambly thickets of sublimely outrageous human behavior, in the company of a bred-in-the-bone original whose elliptical hand and incandescent mind



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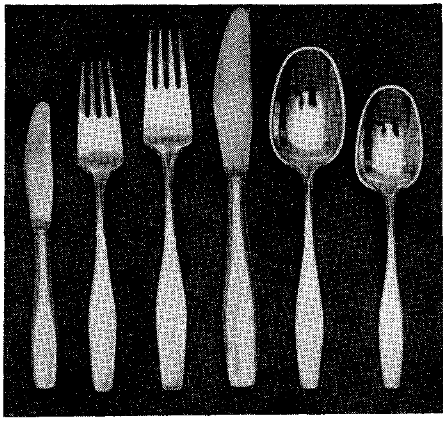

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MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH, by E. L. Withers (Rinehart). Mr. Withers (a pseudonym) tells—in a perfect, blank prose that skims along on ball bearings—of three extraordinary days in the life of a skinny, nearsighted twelve-year-old, Katherine, who, shortly after her mother mysteriously drowns, finds herself wealthy and at the mercy of a couple of relatives who would inherit the money if she, too, should perish. The situation is shopworn, and no one in the book—except for Katherine, who is a kind of imperishable combination of Holmes and Nijinsky—is much more than a demonic pasteup, but the author, like all masters of the macabre, knows just how to make an innocent gesture malevolent and the empty darkness crawl with shapes.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE, by Leigh Brackett (Doubleday). When a kidnapper asks for no ransom but only wishes to trade in one lady for another, he obviously presents his pursuers with an unusual problem, and Miss Brackett handles it here with considerable style and ingenuity. A little farfetched, but certainly novel, and quite exciting.

DEATH OF A POSTMAN, by John Creasey (Harper). Generally speaking, the London underworld gangs appear to be a pretty tame bunch compared to our own, but in this case, involving a large-scale plot to rob the mails, Inspector West finds himself opposed by a mob who would be quite at home on the Brooklyn waterfront. However, though the Thames runs red with gore, the Inspector remains imperturbable, and he gets everything cleared up in time to have Christmas dinner with his family. Come what may, there will always be a Scotland Yard.

•

The application requires veterans seeking hospital treatment for nonsense-connected ailments to provide information on their financial status.—*Atlanta Journal.*

There's a certain amount of nonsense connected with *every* ailment.

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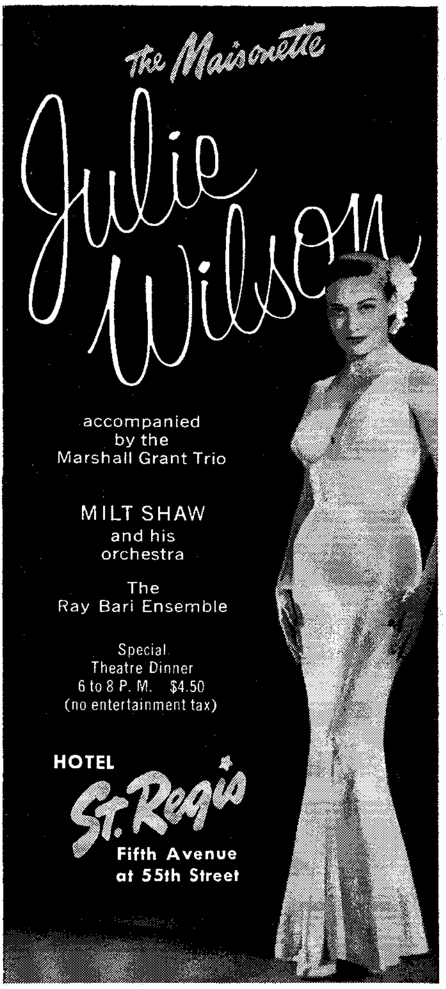
May . . .



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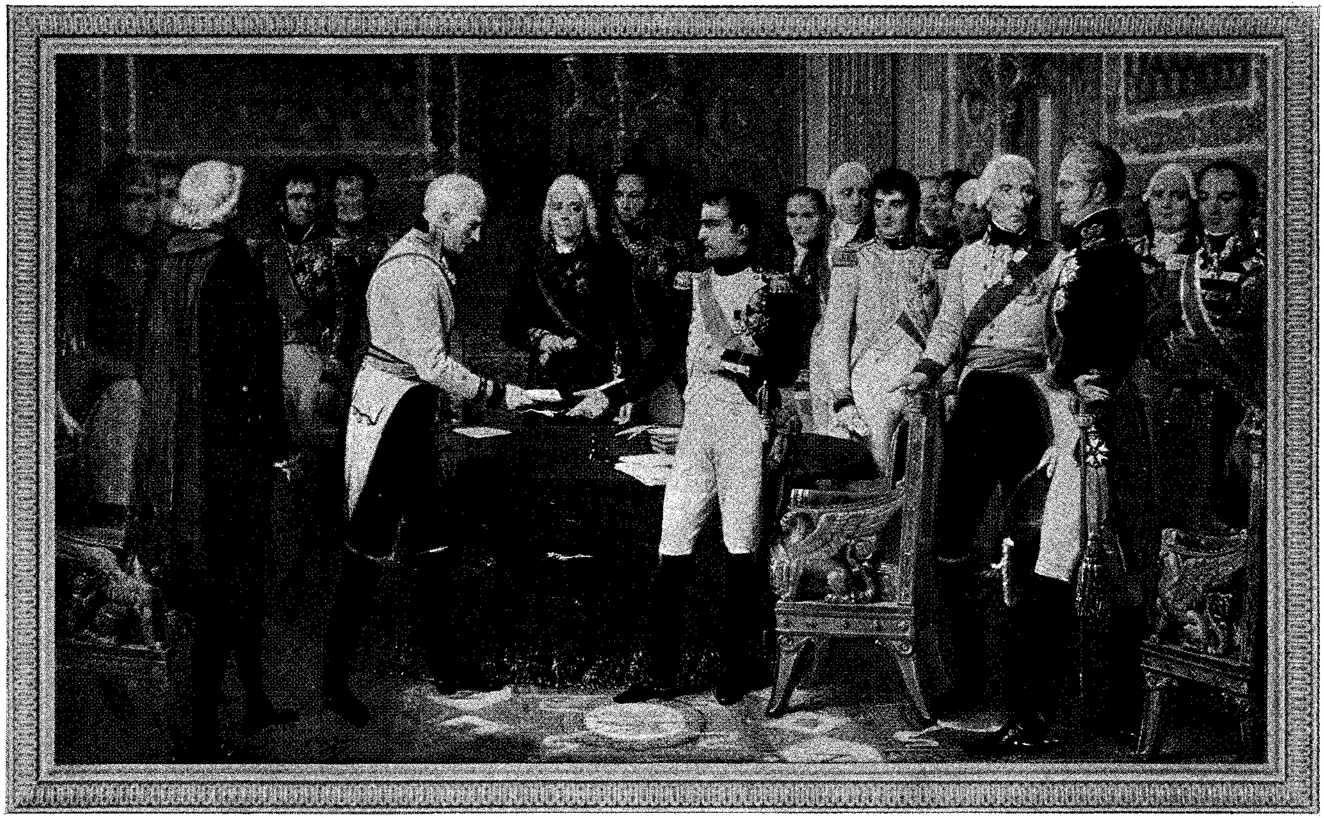
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